YOUR STYLE

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 47. [Published Every Wednesday.] WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 25TH, 1909. ONE PENNY.

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who aares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 47. WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 25TH, 1909. ONE PENNY.

EASE.

THE EXPLANATION OF APPARENT GENIUS.

Ease, which is chiefly the result of repetition, is the secret of many an apparently daring or splendid feat.

Take, as an example, the carman who drives a heavily loaded van, with a tracer yoked in front of his pair of horses, through the mass of London traffic.

It seems impossible, as you watch him, that he can have absolute control over these lumbering beasts. You consider that, even if their guidance is wholly a matter of his skill and not of their own instinct, yet the wear and tear upon his nervous system must be extreme, for he must be constantly fearing impact with this coster's barrow or that hansom cab, constantly fearful lest the polished shoes of his horses shall give way beneath them upon the slippery wooden pavement.

If he thought of these things as you are thinking of them on his behalf, he would certainly become a nervous wreck by the end of a week. But he is not a nervous wreck.

The risks he runs are not neglected. It would be libellous and unjust to say that he is foolhardy or careless of the public safety. It would be equally erroneous to suggest that he is cruel and that it is a matter of small importance to him whether his horses keep their feet or not. The fact is that, commencing his career as a London driver in the suburbs with a light van and gradually working upwards in the scale of difficulty and wages as a driver, his work has become second nature to him.

A child watches a man riding a bicycle and marvels that the man can keep from falling. It is just the same with the novice who looks upon the London driver.

The example I have given may be taken to exemplify the ease of skill. We also have the ease of strength.

The cross-country running season is now beginning, and once again the novice will marvel at the endurance of the old hand, but the old runner deserves no credit—directly at least. Honour to him for the self-restraint he has practised and the self-discipline. A man does not succeed at athletics without sacrificing much, and the successful cross-country runner has given up a good many pleasures for the sake of excelling at his sport. For that alone we should honour him; the rest is merely incidental to his pastime.

Practise it yourself for a couple of months, and your muscles will accommodate themselves to the work, and you will fall into that easy jog-trot which means pace and endurance combined. You will cover the ground as quickly and easily as he, and you will marvel that others count you clever.

The acquirement of ease is through practice, and it is worth acquiring whether in work or in sport, for it saves fatigue and trouble, insures excellence, and very often passes for genius.

DAVID COOPER.

CHEEK.

A golfer has written to one of the ha'penny dailies protesting against the presence of women on the links. A lady writes, saying that when *she* is playing with a gentleman she usually finds that he rather objects to the presence of the caddies.

* * *

"Mr. George Alexander," said the "Daily Mirror," will not appear in "Mid-Channel." As we had heard nothing to the effect that the great actor was likely to emulate the feat of M. Latham, we must say that we are not at all surprised by the announcement.

* * *

A doctor has recommended "a few minutes after meals with the paper" as a means of aiding the digestion. The stuff they print in some papers, however, takes some swallowing.

* * *

A burglar who was charged with breaking into a house said that he demolished a whole pudding there for supper—and was caught. What need we of further bulldogs?

* * *

Lieut.-General Sir H. L. Smith-Dorrien has decided that he will allow the regulations prohibiting soldiers from entering public-houses during the Autumn Manœuvres to remain in abeyance. So the Army operations this year will not be so dry after all.

* * *

A young shark has just been captured in a shrimping-net near Margate. Several "outside brokers" of the City are therefore spending their vacation in town this year.

* * *

Pernicious literature is said to have led six boys to attempt housebreaking. They have *not* been reading the "Builder."

* * *

"Won't you step into my office?" said the bookie to the mug.

* * *

It is said that men of to-day are becoming blasé, that little is alarming or wonderful to them. Tailors up West, however, still continue to be "greatly surprised at not receiving cheque in settlement," &c.

* * *

The reason the Conservatives dislike the Budget is that there is something Radically wrong with it.

* * *

People of the nervous sort, who aver that flying is dangerous, should remember that an aeronaut gets at least plenty of fresh air.

* * *

If all the enemies of ours that we consign to the warmer regions really went there, it would indeed be a case of "Poor Devil!"

* * *

"In particular," says a pamphlet of golden advice to Cyclist Battalion recruits, "pay as much attention to your cycle as you would to your best girl, and do the same for it as you would for her." Our wily Territorials evidently know that the fair sex require blowing up sometimes.

J. B. PONDERS.

THE STRUGGLE.

LIVING DIFFERS FROM MERELY EXISTING.

With some men life is a perpetual battle—a struggle to keep up appearances, and to have a good time on a very meagre income.

It is a battle where there is no very definite enemy, except, perhaps, poverty—not the kind that leaves you in doubt as to where your next meal is coming from, but genteel poverty, which can be even worse.

I know a young fellow whose earnings amount to the princely sum of thirty shillings a week.

That, of course, would be wealth to some people, but only those without a "position" to keep up.

The young man, who has been educated at a good school, and brought up in a comfortable home, cannot go below a certain figure when he is faced with the necessity of taking digs and starting out for himself. Cleanliness and comfort are a necessity, not a luxury, to him, and they are things one has to pay for.

Then, again, he has to dress not only respectably, but smartly, if he is to maintain his position in the office and in society, which makes no allowances for a slender income.

It is not only the soldier who has to fight; many a man has to keep up a continual struggle against odds, and the reward is not glory, nor even success—for I am no "secrets-of-success-monger"—but just that enjoyment of life that a young and vigorous man feels that he is entitled to.

The young fellow I have referred to—the reason I know so much about his private affairs is, as you may have guessed, that he is myself—manages somehow to achieve this, but only at the cost of endless petty sacrifices.

My thirty shillings a week is all I get, and I cannot honestly say that as a clerk I am worth more—at present. It has to clothe me and to board and lodge me, and if my expenses stopped there, I could rub along very well.

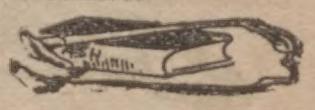
But I am not content just to exist in my leisure time, and I do not consider that I should be doing my duty to myself, to my employer, to society, or my country if I did. So that is where the struggle comes in.

There are club subscriptions to be paid, for tennis and swimming are my summer recreations, and cross-country running in the winter.

I am a corporal in a smart Yeomanry corps, and that, too, costs a bit. I might have joined an Infantry corps, and perhaps have made on my pay, but it was my ambition to learn to ride and to learn something about horses. So by cutting down expenditure on smokes and drinks and docking luxuries I manage it somehow.

And so it is all round—an endless struggle. Yet I believe I am the better for it physically, mentally, and morally. I have discovered that if I indulge in the luxuries that the more fortunate go in for just because they are the things to do, I must give up the recreations that make life worth living to me. So I just fight on to keep my end up, and have as good a time as I can.

R. L. HORNBY.



LEARNING to SHOOT GAME

HOW BUDDING SPORTSMEN ARE TAUGHT TO USE A GUN.

Game-shooting is an accomplishment which, like most things that are worth doing, can only be acquired by practice. But it is obviously undesirable that beginners should get their practice upon the moors. The annual list of shooting accidents is quite long enough without absolutely unskilled shots being included in the shooting-parties, and there are few men who can afford to keep real shootings simply in order that they may learn in solitude and safety to bring down the live bird.

The shooting school, therefore, has of late years become a necessity. Shooting has become an essential accomplishment for all whose ambitions lie within the magic portals of Society. Moreover, it is no longer the pastime only of the country gentleman, whose prowess with the gun dates from his earliest years and is more or less inborn in him, but it is affected by the man about town and the business man.

It comes second only to fox-hunting as the sport of the wealthy, and as the use of a gun is easier learnt than horsemanship, shooting is usually selected by the man who has made his fortune and now aims at social advancement.

A KEY TO SOCIETY.

A grouse-moor or a shooting-lodge to which a big house-party can be invited forms an excellent aid to an entrance into Society (always with a capital "S"), and the host must be able to handle a gun himself.

At the shooting school, therefore, you will find middle-aged, even old, men as well as boys and the more youthful members of the fair sex.

Just as the marksman practises at a target in order that he may become expert at the sterner business of killing men, so the game-shot can learn much at a school by means of mechanical contrivances and a sort of "safety drill," before he turns his attention to the slaughtering of live birds.

The first thing to be done is the securing of a suitable weapon, for the sportsman has to be measured and fitted for his gun if he is to ensure good results.

He is first fitted with a "try-gun," the stock of which is adjustable; and when this is arranged so as to allow perfect freedom of movement and proper control, a gun is made to this measure.

SAFETY DRILL.

Then comes a course of drill in the proper method of handling the weapon. The accidents that occur—less frequently, it is true, since the popularity of the shooting school increased—are usually due simply to careless handling of the gun and to ignorance of the proper precautions to take.

The beginner is taught how to carry his gun in the open or when crossing a stile or gate. He is told how to load and is made to practise with blank cartridge.

The next stage is more interesting, and after a certain amount of aiming practice and "snapping" at moving objects, the tyro is probably made to fire several blank cartridges to accustom him to the noise and, to some extent, to the recoil, and to ensure a steady "let-off."

The man who is afraid of his gun will never do any good until he has learned to hug it in to his shoulder, and thus to save himself many nasty knocks, and also to get his shot off steadily without snatching to one side.

Then comes the proud day when a full charge is allowed and the learner begins to get to work on artificial birds and "clay pigeons," which are in reality discs of earthenware thrown from a spring trap on the ground.

There are all sorts of devices which are employed to imitate the movements of real birds in the air—and wonderfully near to the real thing some of them get. And there is always this advantage in the use of an artificial target by the beginner, that the same movement of the target can be repeated over and over again until the pupil has mastered that particular shot.

There will be iron birds that shoot on wires across a whitewashed background, so that the eagle eye of the teacher can tell exactly where the pellets are going. There will be coveys of clay "partridges" that spring almost from under your feet, so that you learn to appreciate the value of promptness; or you may try your hand at clay birds that swoop like a rocketting pheasant when thrown from one of those lofty wooden towers that form such conspicuous objects in the grounds of most shooting schools.

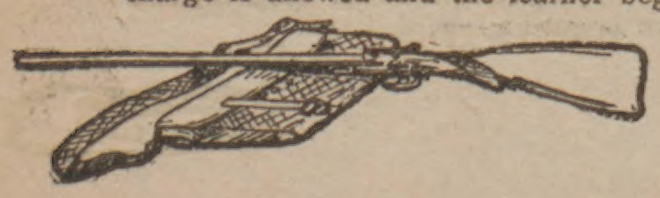
DRIVEN "BIRDS."

Even that rather unsportsmanlike and lazy, but increasingly popular, proceeding, the shooting of driven birds, is taught at the shooting school. Grouse-butts are erected, in which the pupil and his instructor stand while clay grouse come flying hard and low past him.

He must get in a shot as they approach him and then wheel round and get in another shot as they go away from him.

Partridge-driving over natural hedges, walking in line across open fields, rabbit-shooting, often at the real thing, even woodcock-shooting, are among the "subjects" in the curriculum of the good shooting school. The man who has been through a full practical course at one of these establishments need have no fear of disgracing himself on the moors or in the coverts though it may be his first appearance. He will have had the opportunity of practising, and becoming adept at, every variety of shot; and the mere fact that his target is of flesh and blood instead of clay need affect none but his humanitarian sensibilities.

ALAN HAMER.



A NECESSARY ART.

It was, I think, the ancient Persians who divided a boy's education into three parts. They taught the young idea how to shoot, to ride, and to speak the truth.

But Persia is not an island, and island-dwellers like ourselves might well add a fourth item to the admirable trio of essentials enumerated above. And the fourth is obviously swimming, a most necessary element in every sportsman's education.

Britain boasts that she rules the waves, but many of her sons are still amazingly incapable of taking care of themselves in the water, as a long list of bathing fatalities every year bears witness.

At Oxford they have an excellent custom, which would save many lives if it could be adopted elsewhere, though there would doubtless be enormous practical difficulties in the way. No man is allowed to row in his college boat in Eights or Torpids unless he has first passed a swimming test.

Yet the man who trusts himself in a flimsy cockleshell to the mighty ocean—be he fisherman or landlubber—is as often as not quite ignorant of an easily acquired art, of which an adequate knowledge is exacted as a *sine quâ non* from rowers on the shallow waters of the Isis.

MALE EMOTIONS.

IX. MALICE.

Not often, I am glad to say, have I come across cases of men bearing malice towards each other. More commonly it is an emotion felt between women and women. Those women who read these lines—and it is pleasant to know that a good many do—will, I think, agree with me in this, and believe that I mean no irreverence. They have counterbalancing traits.

It is rarely that one comes across a girl or a woman who will not confess that she decidedly prefers male company to that of her own sex. One of the reasons (I don't see why we shouldn't pat ourselves on the back now and then) is that they recognise that in some ways we are bigger and better than they are.

We are more tolerant and less spiteful, we can find plenty of subjects for conversation besides that of the idiosyncrasies of our friends, we are more impersonal in our outlook. And—this above all—we are practically exempt from rivalry in clothes, one of the main causes of feminine malice. I have observed a girl, ordinarily sweet-tempered, become positively vixenish at finding herself ourdressed.

But, when all is said and done, we are better and bigger only because we are more indifferent. When the oil of indifference begins to run dry in a man—say, for instance, when he is made the object of ridicule—his charitable machinery is apt to work creakily. He very soon feels pronounced ill-will towards the individual who has laughed at him.

Now, maliciousness is a thing for which most men have strong contempt, yet they often show malice when they are least aware of it.

That very tendency or inclination to laugh at people deserves no other name but malice. Do not confuse laughing *at* people with laughing *with* people. There is a considerable difference. All displays of ridicule arise from a sense of superiority, and it is not often that we are really entitled to feel ourselves superior.

I have known men to be laughed at because of their shyness, their style of walk, their hobbies, in fact, for mannerisms of all kinds. Such unkindness is nothing but the subtle instinct of malice.

I confess that the reason I do not like malice is that it is so underlying and deceitful. It never provides any direct evidence of itself. It always wears some sort of disguise. Not seldom it exists without any real cause.

There is often maliciousness in allowing a lie to go uncontradicted when one has absolutely no motive for doing so. There has never been a sneer yet that was not born of malice.

There is a tremendous amount of hidden cowardice in this our life. No end of times we have impulses to do certain things, and find our courage fail at the supreme moment. Then we have such scorn for ourselves that we feel malice towards all the world.

The emotion is a mean alternative. It owns no dignity. We fall back on it when other and sterner emotions fail us.

Harking back to that remark I made about sneers, I should like to drive the point home more powerfully, because I think that whenever the emotion of malice is shown by men it is more often by means of sneering and sarcasm than any other.

We all like to be sarcastic when we are young. We think it conveys an impression of cleverness. It certainly conveys an impression of insufferable conceit, and proves the possession of an unhappy plethora of ignorance.

All sportsmen will agree with me that there are no circumstances where the malicious habit of sarcasm and sneering is justifiable.

We can feel indignation at wrong, hatred of foul crime, contempt for conduct opposed to the principles of straight manhood; we can even feel indignation, hate, contempt for less worthy reasons than these, but at least they are direct, forceful emotions. They do not creep along tortuous paths—they have no pretence to be other than they are.

C. WOLLEY.

A RACING STORY.

A PAVEMENT PLUNGER.

By BERNARD MACKLIN.

He raced down the street with the 10.30 a.m. edition of the "Evening News" in his right hand, a telegram in his left, and a general aspect of extreme business worry that hardly matched with the dinner-hour laziness of the Strand.

He strode swiftly on towards Fleet Street. Opposite the Law Courts he cannoned heavily into a young man, whose hair was well brushed back and innocent of covering, and who munched with considerable satisfaction a large and rosy apple just purchased from an itinerant vendor.

"Thank 'eavins," he cried, "it's *you*, Bert!"

"Dem it, Bill, you've ruined these patent leathers of mine," said Bert, ruefully, regarding the scratched toes of his boots.

"Sorry—very sorry," said Bill. "But look here, Bert, I want to borrow a couple of bob—smart! Tell you what for when I see you again. Thanks!"

Bill pocketed the two-shilling piece that Bert had mechanically handed to him on demand.

"Half a shake," said Bert, "what do you want it for?"

"Lunch and train fare home. Ta, ta!"

Bert caught his arm. "'Ere, don't lie!" he said. "You've got a wire, and you're going to back a horse. See any green in my eye?"

Bert pulled down the lower lid of his right eye for Bill's inspection.

"You're right. Didn't think you backed horses, Bert. Well, Dashington is on the job, and I'm off to have a bit on. Can't stop."

"'Ere, put a couple of bob on for me," said Bert, handing out another two shillings..

"S'trewth! You must be made o' money!" said Bill, and, pocketing this further contribution, he ran off again.

"That's four bob," he panted to himself. "I ought to be able to raise another six from somewhere. Let's see—" he cast his eye at the Fleet Street Post Office clock as he passed, "ten minutes to the time of the race. That gives me five minutes to raise more money, and five minutes to find old 'Giglamps'—ample!"

He dived down a court over which hung the hospitable and cheery sign of the three golden balls.

"How much on this, cocky?" he asked the Jew boy, who appeared from the smelly griminess beyond the back of the dingy door marked "Office."

"Quick!" observed Bill, as the young man eyed the silver watch critically.

"V'y, four shillin'——"

"Make it six," said Bill. "I want to have half a monarch on somethin' extra to-day, and 'Giglamps' has got uppish lately. He don't care to take silver bets now. I'm goin' to tickle him up to-day, though."

"V'at is the horse?" asked the Yiddish youth.

"Ah-h," said Bill, winking. "You must give me six shillings on this watch, Isaac."

"All right," said Isaac. "Mr. Bill Smith, silver vatch, six shillin'. Thank you, sir. Your ticket."

"It's Dashington," said Bill, hastily picking up the money, lest the Israelite should change his mind.

"Dot is not a goot horse, Bill," observed Isaac, raising his hand in despair.

"He vas not in the first nine the last time he ran at Alexandra Park, look you!"

"He's on the job to-day, though," said Bill, tapping his nose after the approved fashion. "But I must buck up. It's only five minutes to the race. I've got to cop old 'Giglamps,' too, and in these bloomin' days a bookie has to hide up like a common thief. Good-bye, old sporty—."

"Bill—Bill."

"'Allo," Bill poked his head round the door which had slammed behind him.

"Put five shillin' on for me," said Isaac, pleadingly.

"Hand us over the ready iron, then. Right O!"

Bill grabbed the two half-crowns held out for him, and disappeared as suddenly as he came.

Besides being a haunt of journalists, good, bad and indifferent, Fleet Street must go down to posterity as the happy hunting ground of all pavement plungers—and street-corner bookmakers, their "natural enemy." Its courts and alleys store many historic reminiscences of S.P. coups upset and "good things" gone wrong.

There, in spite of the stringent Street Betting Act, one "Giglamps," an unlovely person to look upon, still does a fairish business. Still his clients draw him aside, and slip various moneys, enwrapped in office billheads, into his hand. On these are many things written bewildering to the lay mind.

These statements of wagers are signed with many names and *noms-de-plume* from "H.R.H." to "Boots"—the latter the signature of the useful menial in a certain hotel in Fleet Street which shows its distrust in mankind by a placard in the office: "No cheques taken in settlement of accounts."

Having drawn blank the courts and alley-ways that were the usual haunts of "Giglamps," the pavement plunger flushed that opulent S.P. merchant absorbing an after-lunch *crème de menthe* in the basement bar hard by the billiard room in the aforesaid hotel where "Boots," otherwise George Tibbins, passed his time in picking out the finals in the obscurity of beyond the kitchen.

"Boots" nodded to his acquaintance, Mr. Bill Smith, the pavement plunger, as that gentleman approached "Giglamps" and tapped him on the arm.

Bill referred to his telegram. "I've got a little business to do with you," he whispered gravely to "Giglamps," "if you'll drop into Bolt Court. It's a minute to the time of the race so I thought I'd better——"

"Quite right, my boy. 'Ave a cigar? I shall be there in one minute."

"Right."

Bill walked swiftly up to the steps and along the corridor where the "Boots" stopped him officially and asked if he might "get down the gentleman's luggage."

Bill smiled.

The "Boots," seizing a clothes brush, commenced to go over Bill's person generally, hissing softly: "What d'you know, sir?"

"Dashington," observed Bill, as he turned round to have the front of his coat brushed, "is *very* hot to-day, 'Boots.'"

"Damn it! I can't get out to have a shillin' on," said the "Boots" disgustedly.

"It's no use havin' a shillin' on a good thing like this, so it doesn't matter," said Bill. "I've got a wire here—see? I can't very well open it now——"

"Will you put me a quid on it, sir?"

"If you like. Slip the money into my hand."

Mr. William Smith walked out of that hotel with thirty-five shillings in his pocket in all. Turning into the cool shade of Bolt Court, he smiled largely to himself as he brought out the wire—a "reply-paid" affair from an advertising tipster, which read:

"*Limburger Lass. Fear nothing.*"

Upon a leaf torn from a notebook supplied by his firm he wrote boldly—

"Limburger Lass 35s. win—Bill." This he duly presented to the massive and spectacled "Giglamps," who strayed down the court, casually enough, wearing an air of childish innocence that would have ruined the reputation of an archangel in any London policeman's eyes.

Some thirty minutes later Mr. Bill Smith was seated on a stool in an office far to the westward of Southampton Street in the Strand, and to see his back bent over his book no one would have thought that the leather-bound cover concealed one racing special and the "Sporting Life."

Every minute or so he anxiously looked at the clock. It was now a little after two o'clock. Surely that race was "up" now. He listened intently through the open window.

Yes, he could hear the cries of the newspaper boys from Fleet Street way.

"Fust winner, sir!"

Mr. Bill Smith's heart palpitated.

"Shenfield," he said to the mop-haired office boy, who was very busy drawing faces on the blotting pad of the manager's desk.

"Wot?" asked Master Shenfield.

"Slip down and get us a paper, kid."

Mr. Smith tossed him a ha'penny.

"But for 'eavin's sake don't let old Stick-in-the-Mud see you."

Master Shenfield departed. Two minutes later he burst through the door.

"Limburger Lass's won!" he cried.

The manager had entered by the other door.

"What price was it?" he asked absently.

"Seven to one," replied the office boy, amazed.

Then the manager remembered his lordly position.

"Hang it, Smith," he said, "I believe you've been backing horses, you young devil."

Mr. Smith flushed, and said nothing.

"Well, don't let it occur again," said the manager. "I wish I'd had a little more on Limburger Lass, though," he added to himself.

"This is your paper, I think, Mr. Smith," he said, sarcastically, handing over the "Evening News." "Its blush betrays it."

"Thank you, sir." Bill could see it would be adding idiotcy to foolishness to deny it.

He cast his eyes on the result: "Limburger Lass 1. Dashington 2. Wellington 3."

"Phew!" he said to himself. "A narrow shave for me!"

He really worked on gaily for half an hour, until there came a sound from the street below.

"The two o'clock winner, sir!"

"In the absence of our excellent Mr. Shenfield," said the manager, sweetly, "perhaps you wouldn't mind going down and getting the paper yourself."

"I don't want it," said Mr. Smith, blinking foolishly.

"But *I* think you do! Go and get it!"

Cursing the tactless Shenfield, Bill went downstairs, and, weary of heart, bought a paper.

To show that he did not require it, he laid it, unopened, on the manager's desk.

The manager opened it with unaffected interest.

"Good heavens, Mr. Smith," he said, "I think you ought to see this, and let it be a lesson to you, listen! 'Limburger Lass was objected to for bumping and boring. The objection was sustained, and the race awarded to Dashington.'"

"I didn't have a penny on it, sir," said Mr. Smith protestingly.

He took the paper with trembling hand and reread the paragraph. It was all too true. Dashington had started at the remunerative odds of 100 to 8.

The manager cursed softly to himself, and, bending over his books, Mr. Smith tried to calculate the precise winnings of Bert, his friend, Isaac, the pawnbroker's assistant, and Mr. Tibbins, the "Boots."

When he arrived at the sum total, he picked up a cold and empty stone ink bottle and applied it to his aching head.

"It's beyond Lloyd George," he groaned.

And that is precisely why Fleet Street knows Mr. William Smith no more.

BREAKING NEW GROUND.

THE EXPERIENCES OF A TOWNSMAN IN A SPORTING COUNTRY.

The case of the man of whom I write is typical of thousands of men; he was accustomed to move in one little world, and he had a burning desire to become a qualified inhabitant of another world.

His own was the world of athletics as carried out of necessity in the somewhat narrow limits of a big provincial city. His days were filled by his work, actually; and his evenings and holidays were spent in a keen indulgence in such sport as a club and a gymnasium and a swimming bath provided.

Taken altogether, he was well up in sports. He had a frame worth cultivating and well cultivated. His friends saw in him a creature of unlimited vitality and of considerable achievement in the ordinary contests of a young man's physical life.

There was only one man who criticised him, and that was himself.

TOWN V. COUNTRY.

Over and over again he told himself that though he had done well at this and that sport, though he had a well-developed frame and could hold his own in most tight places, yet he had not been able to surround himself with a satisfactory atmosphere.

He felt that town conditions and town life prevented him from a complete entry into the sportsman's kingdom. This kingdom, he believed, was not to be reached in the town's streets. It was something that could only fully be realised, enjoyed, and absorbed into one's very marrow and blood by a contact with fresh, unspoiled Nature.

And thus it happened that for the first time in his life he chose for his holiday a visit to a farm placed in an unknown village right off the track of the average holiday-maker, and noted alone for the abundance of its game, which was preserved with a scientific system and with a watchful thoroughness that made the poacher's life far from an easy one.

The local squire, somewhat impoverished, had leased the greater part of his woodlands to a more prosperous Londoner who kept a large staff of keepers on the spot, but who seldom came near the place except in the autumn months.

AN OPPORTUNITY.

The squire's son, meeting the young townsman casually, recognised at once that in this quiet stranger there was certainly the desire, but probably none of the ability, to get what he himself called the "best out of life." One of the best things, in his estimation, was a raid upon the partridge covers that his father had been obliged to lease to a stranger—a necessity that the son sternly resented, and he showed his resentment by joining a notorious old poacher of the village in many a nightly ramble and scramble.

One evening, not long before the rich man's shooting party was due to begin, the squire's son agreed with the old poacher to have a "walk round," and as the two were talking in the village street my friend the townsman came along.

"Coming round to-night?" asked the young squire casually.

"Rather," answered my friend. "I'd like to; but I'm no particular hand at anything in the poaching line," he added apologetically, and yet most anxious not to miss such a valuable opportunity of achieving his greatest desire.

THE TRIALS OF A NOVICE.

And so the two walked along together in the growing dusk. The townsman's heart beat rapidly, and by every word he felt he was "giving himself away," but his companion affected not to notice his greenness. Only one direct rebuke fell from his lips.

"You should put that cigarette out," he said to his pupil—for the squire's son loved to lead others into the adventurous path he had beaten out—"because there's nothing like tobacco smoke to give a man away. It hangs round these woods for hours, and it's just as good as the town crier's bell for letting the keepers know what we're at."

Instantly a heel was on the cigarette, and but for the darkness, a blush of anger for himself and of shame at his stupidity might to be seen momentarily crossing the townsman's face.

He kept close to his two companions, the old poacher having now joined them, and he watched their every movement and drank in their every word.

As they stealthily stepped over a fence or skirted the side of a wood, at every new adventure listening intently for footfall of man or dog, the townsman was revelling in his new-found experience.

LEARNING.

He felt that he had indeed achieved his object when he was told off to watch one of the approaches to a thick plantation, while the villager dived into the wood, returning a few minutes later with bulging pockets that he learned afterwards contained three fat young rabbits.

It was surprising, even to himself, how after a short hour's initiation he seemed instinctively to acquire a knowledge of the best way to set about getting through a hedge or climbing a fence or crossing a tangled ditch.

He could have gone on through the whole penalties that would follow capture by the night in this way, although he realised the keepers.

He had been warned that rapid and prolonged flight might at any moment be necessary, but this possibility of danger, capture, and even conviction in the local police court for the heinous crime of poaching, did not blunt his keenness. He took it all as part of the excitement.

A NEW WORLD.

Once upon the high road the three separated, to allay suspicion, and as the young townsman walked happily home, he felt that, though he had come by his new knowledge by an illegal act, it had been well worth the risk. He had learned something of the life of which he had so long been ignorant—the life which had in it the element of danger, and that meant an intimate association with Nature, which no drill-hall or gymnasium could give.

Beside this night's experience all his previous ideas of sport were revolutionised. He had added a cubit to his sporting stature and had found a new zest in existence.

His equipment for life was a stage further towards completion. Not that he was likely to become poacher and give up his clerkship.

That his initiation had been achieved through the aid of a poacher and the son of a village squire was incidental. The outstanding point was that he had entered into a new world—the world in which the great god Pan was omnipotent, the world of the wild.

R. TORRINGTON.

THE FIRST FROST.

THE SPORTSMAN'S TONIC.

When the rains have done their best to wash into the earth the last vestiges of summer's dress that the gales have stripped from tree and hedge with merciless roaring violence, there comes a lull in the rush and a stopping of the floods, while autumn gradually gives place to winter, and one morning a man wakes to find a new heaven and a new earth.

There is a tingle and a sparkle in the air; there is something in the atmosphere to fight against, and the man accepts the challenge joyfully and lustily.

He meets the challenge everywhere. It catches him suddenly in the water of his bath, which has taken on a keenness that it lacked throughout the earlier months. He splashes and puffs with extra energy, and he has his reward in the supremely delicious glowing exhilaration of the after effects. The first trick is his, so to speak.

Then he dresses with due regard to the elements outside, for he means to spend as little of the day as possible within doors. He feels the need of a larger amount of exercise, and puts on clothes that now are more of a protection and less of a burden than they were during summer's heat.

And he descends to breakfast with an appetite so keen that the table is unprepared for his onslaughts. He sweeps the board.

There is every excuse for him. The first frost is out upon the lawns. In the clear, silent, and invigorating air the yellow leaves drop suddenly from the branches that the winds have not completely stripped—drop like stones in their suddenness, like feathers in their silence.

Spreading far and wide over every open space of grassland, there is a sparkle of silvery whiteness, plump blackbirds with brilliant yellow beaks hop to and fro about the cedars on the lawns, puffing out their feathers, and showing an unusual interest in every window that is thrown open, hoping for the winter food that is surely due once again.

The land lies bathed in haze and gentle sunshine. Every horizon is a land of mystery, every field calls to him to walk, run, ride—anything to give vent to the new vigour that is in him.

And away the man goes, anywhere and everywhere, trying to answer every appeal that the earth is making to his well-strung sinews. In every stride, in every line of his compactly-knitted frame there is the poise of manliness and vigour.

It is for the man a day to be remembered, and at all costs to be enjoyed.

The gloom of grey winter skies is far ahead, the languid swelter of the summer's heat is past and over. He breathes deeply, filling his lungs with infinitely invigorating air.

He cannot think of this or that sport; he only knows on this clear morning of the first frost that it is very good to be alive. His blood surges through his frame, he glows with the sense of fitness and well-being, he swings his stick as he springs along, now whistling for sheer joy, now racing with his dog along the hillside.

Every sense is alert, he misses no single impression. The cloudless sky, the far-off hills, the silvered grass, the scent of crumbling leaves, the crisp surface of the plough-land, the flight of birds high overhead, the stiffened reeds along the edge of the stream, the reddening berries on the hedges, and innumerable other sights and sounds fill him with intoxicating life.

For hours he rambles on, careless of distance and direction, but only satisfied in being in the midst of all this splendour and refreshment.

And when he has drank deeply of it all, his thoughts begin to wander to more definite pursuits, of hounds and horses, guns and game, battles with the later winds and storms, and patient watching with the heavy duck gun, and the sportsman's catalogue of pleasure.

But for this one day he revels in the supreme fact of life.

C. EASTON GREY.

Bath Swimming

A CITY SPORT.

For those who dwell on the seaboard there is he magnificent bath of Neptune, free, gratis, and or nothing; those who live by the river, too, are qually fortunate. But those who are doomed to xist in town dwellings, far from either sea or ver, find the swimming bath a welcome sub- itute, and well within the means even of the oorest.

There is no excuse for a man who says he can et no practice. In the big baths the most ccomplished swimmer can get all the exercise he eeds, and the most timid lover of the art can arn easily and safely.

Bath swimming lacks the element of danger separable from ocean or even river swimming, nd, for this reason, can never be more than a ood substitute.

There are neither weeds, nor stones, nor cur- nts to contend with.

Time you may have to mind, but you run no sks from tide.

ALF A LOAF.

The man who delights in fighting the elements ill find bath swimming very tame; but if he can- ot have what he likes, it is better to take the next ing, and, even in a tank, there is no pleasanter astime than swimming, apart from the healthful nd useful exercise.

As in most things, there are baths and baths. The swimming bath *par excellence* is the open- ir one, for you have sun and fresh air as addi- onal aids both to health and pleasure, of course acking in a covered-in tank, however well and uxuriously fitted up the place may be.

The best thing that can be said for bath swim- ing is that it can be indulged in at all seasons, s the water is artificially heated, and, where it s covered in, during all weathers.

HE PLACE FOR PRACTICE.

For trick and fancy swimming there is, of course, o better exercising place than a large tank, while he novice finds a great deal of comfort in the fact hat there is a qualified instructor, or at any rate n efficient attendant, close at hand if funk should laim him for its own.

I am afraid, however, that he would be catching t a straw in many instances, for the attendant is ot always of aquatic tastes.

At some baths the attendant is also the in- tructor, more or less efficient, but it is quite ossible to teach swimming after learning on dry and.

Sometimes funny things happen, and the erst- while teacher tumbles in, and himself discovers hat there is indeed a tide which leads to drown- ng, even in a less than forty-yard bath, and, if it were not for the presence of mind and timely assistance of one of his pupils, he would provide a ensational headline for the evening papers.

HE BATH ATTENDANT.

But the swimming-bath attendant *pur et simple* s oftentimes something of a character—sometimes ivil, sometimes very much the reverse.

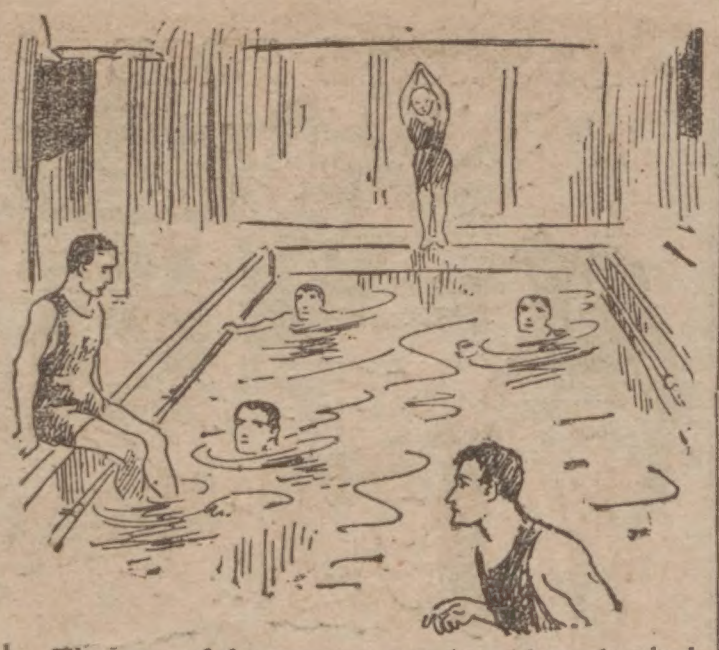
All are open to a tip.

I have one in my mind's eye at the present moment. He had served his country—so ran his favourite legend. He was of a corpulency which held out little promise of and of a corpulency which held out little promise of lertness in the event of an accident.

He combined the dual duties, but it was well or him that a swimming professorship is not ecessarily founded on actual experience.

As an attendant, he left nothing to be desired, when I had the bath to myself, as sometimes appened. I am afraid, however, I was condu- ive to the consuming of more alcoholic liquor han was good for him, out of gratitude for his ubbing me down and his assiduous attentiveness o my personal comforts.

There is a good deal of amusement to be got ut of a public swimming bath if you happen to be student of human nature, even if you rarely find nything to admire.



The pose of the average man is seldom classical, and Tompkins in a state of blue funk is not beautiful. Bridgin, on the contrary, has great ideas—but they stop short there; while young Ashton is so engrossed in turning somersaults that no one else can get a show.

There is the young curate who is learning to swim on purpose that he may save life.

He is of spare, not to say attenuated, proportions, and his shanks resemble the antennæ of a fly as he twists them in nervous apprehension.

So fragile is he that the club humorist declares he will never be able to rescue more than the shadow of a man.

There are other anatomical studies—we cannot call them classical poses.

Fat is no lovelier undraped than the skeleton-like thinness—though, according to some great authorities, the former constitutes a big factor in the making-up of a perfect swimmer.

It was my fortune once to be at some provincial baths when a practical-joke lover perpetrated one of his best at the expense of a very pompous and dignified professor of swimming.

This is how it happened.

This individual was wont to prose and harangue his audience on the diving-board, but on this occasion it suddenly gave way beneath him, and precipitated him into the by no means pellucid water.

AN UNREHEARSED DEMONSTRATION.

The exponent of the art of natation immediately threw up his arms in the approved manner of drowning men, and a loud cry rent the air.

He could not swim a stroke!

"Now," said one of the young men who had long been lectured, "here is a splendid chance for the rescue of a non-swimmer, which is what is wanted instead of these swank exhibitions."

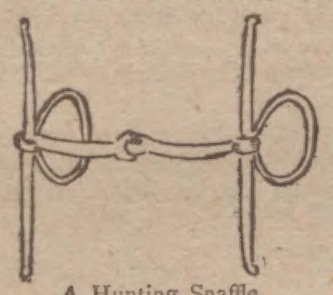
And it is only fair to state that he got out his victim in fine style, though the latter forthwith took himself and his lectures to another town, to which, presumably, a report of the incident had not penetrated.

F. J. MORSE.

BITS.

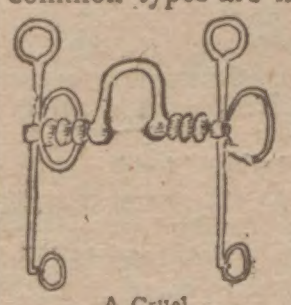
Nothing is so essential to horsemanship as the choosing and fitting of a suitable bit.

Who it was that invented the bit as a method of controlling the horse and making him subservient to the will of man I do not know, but it must have been somewhere about the time of Adam. At any rate, the bit had passed into the realm of stock metaphor by the time the New Testament was written.



A Hunting Snaffle.

Of the different patterns of bit there is practically no end, and new patents are continually being brought out. Yet the differences are but slight—the main distinction being in the amount of torture inflicted on the long-suffering horse. Some of the most common types are illustrated on this page.

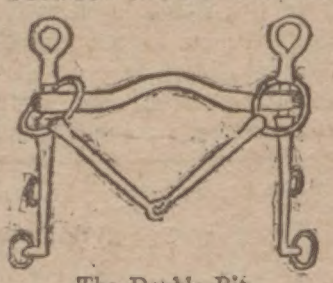


A Cruel Variety of the Pelham.

The most elementary kind of bit is that known as the snaffle, which consists in its simplest form of a jointed bar of metal placed in the horse's mouth and attached at each end by a ring to the reins.

A plain hunting snaffle is shown in the first sketch, the upright bars at each side being simply to prevent the bit being pulled through the mouth to one side.

One often sees the same object achieved by cabbies by placing a sort of large leather washer between the bit and the rein.



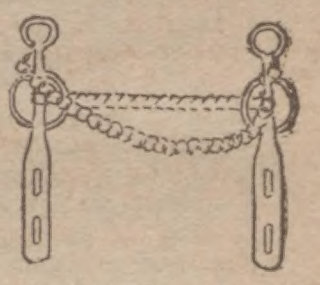
The Double Bit, with Bridoon.

The snaffle is undoubtedly the most humane of bits. It enables the horse to carry his head in a natural position, and if he has been properly schooled, any rider with tolerably good hands should have perfect control over him.

To have to use a curb at all, or at least to use one of the various instruments of torture such as that illustrated in the second sketch, is really a confession of weakness and bad horsemanship.

The bit depicted is a variety of the Pelham bit, and the "cannons," as they are called, are fitted with revolving balls which prevent the horse getting the bit between his teeth and defying his rider.

The arch in the centre, or "port," is primarily intended to give full liberty to the horse's tongue, but in this case the arch is so high that when the curb is used it will bear upon and bruise the palate.



The Liverpool.

For saddle work the bridoon or double bit is the one most commonly used. It consists, as will be seen from the sketch, of a plain snaffle to which the upper rein is fixed, while the curb rein is buckled to the "legs" of a simple rigid bar bit, with a reasonable port.

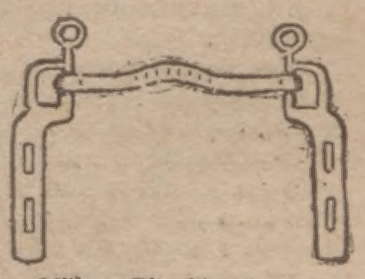
The double bit is quite strong enough to hold any horse, for a straight pull can be got on the bridoon, while the curb is at the same time brought into action.

The next bit illustrated is the Liverpool, which is commonly used for harness work only. For a light-mouthed horse the rein is passed through the fixed ring and round the upright centre bar below the mouthpiece. If the curb is necessary, the lower holes may be used.

Military Bit: Old Pattern.

Perhaps the best bit for long-rein driving is the plain double-ringed snaffle, unless the greater severity of the Liverpool is necessary.

The two remaining sketches show the old and new types of military bit—the former a clumsy and ornate affair similar in principle to the Pelham, except for the unnecessary second cross-bar which goes below the horse's lip, and the latter the simple and workmanlike pattern known as the reversible bit. It consists, as most of my Territorial readers are probably aware, of three solid parts—two "branches," with upper, centre, and lower bar, and the mouthpiece with port mouth.



Military Bit: New Pattern.

A. H. MAUDE.

HELPING A LAME DOG.

I was a very lame dog indeed at that particular time—thoroughly down on my luck, and I needed a grip of a friendly hand quite as much as I did the bare necessities of life.

I'd got to that pitch when a man is afraid of himself. I knew, if I came up against a big temptation, the odds were that I should succumb right off. I'd got beyond caring much about the rights and wrongs of things.

Well, a fellow came along, a chap not on my own level, whom I'd only known at a distance. He must have guessed I was out of work, and pretty well on my uppers, but he made some excuse to stop me and speak, quite ignoring my shabby appearance.

Said he'd just heard that I was a fair mechanic, and knew of a job that would just suit me. He suggested that I should go with him to his digs, and, over a meal and a smoke, we might be able to fix things.

Fix things! He fixed me pretty well, I can tell you. Didn't preach—said he'd been a lame dog himself not so long ago. Told me to buck up. Took me into his own room, and left me alone there to have a wash; said I'd find everything for my use, and I did, too—a rig-out all complete!

And when we parted he gave me a grip of the hand that brought me back my lost self-respect.

That's what I call helping a lame dog.

THE MUSICAL FIEND.

I live in a neighbourhood where the musical fiend is hugely in evidence.

My neighbours on each side have daughters of varying ages, who are all learning to play the piano—not one of them is a genius.

The walls are frightfully thin, as is usual in modern-built suburban villas.

Then every Saturday a German band makes its appearance and takes up its position at the corner of the street.

Three times a week a man with a cornet, and only one tune, which he has not yet thoroughly mastered, comes on the scene.

Monday morning several organs enter into competition one with another, and murder harmony—or they all combine to drown a street singer with a voice more powerful than tuneful.

Then on Wednesday evening a man with a guitar serenades the inhabitants, and on Sunday a blind man with a portable harmonium and a lame woman with a concertina make melancholy with variations of "The Old Hundredth" and "Room for Little Mary There"—until you are nearly distracted. And the Salvation Army finish up the day.

I can't afford to move, so what can I do?

FOUNDING A FOOTBALL CLUB.

Now that the summer season is steadily drawing to a close, and the grand old game of cricket is fast burning out, the youthful sportsman's mind turns to the invigorating winter pastime of football, and he begins to look about for a team in which he may command a position, or he rejoins the club for which he played last year, or maybe he is thinking of instituting a club of his own.

It is the latter of these three propositions with which I wish to deal. There is no reason why an enterprising footballer should not "start on his own" in spite of the objections of most of his comrades.

The usual team-founder proves a failure for these reasons: He has no one to back him up financially; he takes into his eleven outsiders with whom he is not acquainted, and who come with great self-recommendations which generally prove to be nothing but idle boasts; he endeavours to obtain plenty of money for the club by raising exorbitant subscriptions from players, who not only cannot afford to pay, but will not do so on principle, when they can obtain a game from other clubs which have been running a number of years, for a much smaller subscription.

Then, last but not least, he takes into his eleven an independent member—say, a goalkeeper—who is a really good player and knows it, and

accordingly will not stump up when the treasurer comes along.

Of course, you do not wish to lose him, because you are doing so well in your league, and he may be the mainstay of the team, yet you must have him pay with the rest. This sort of member is not a sportsman, but a cad, yet there are plenty of them.

But a few hints to the fellow who is about to start on his own.

Find someone who is willing to back you up financially—say, a local tradesman, clergyman, athletic outfitter, or some private friend.

Elect a committee of non-players (followers, if possible), to rule and direct affairs.

Economise. Try and pick up a pair of second-hand goalposts, paint them, and there you are. Don't go in for an expensive ball. Six broom-handles will answer admirably for corner flags. Avoid shirts or guernseys of many designs, stripes, and colours; plain colours are the cheapest. Keep subs. low—say, twopence or threepence a week, with an entrance fee of a shilling.

Do not if it is within your power accept any official position in the team you are starting, for someone is bound to say you are making something out of it.

A NIGHT IN THE OPEN.

It is quite possible to find this delight of a shiny night without wanting to snare the squire's game or have a tussle with the keepers, though, of course, you may do a bit of trespassing if you wish to—just to add zest to the stroll.

There's plenty to interest one in watching the wild things that come out when darkness falls.

Listen to the hoot of the owls—one calling from yonder copse and the other answering it from that hollow tree over there—varied by the nightjar's harsh battle-cry.

You start involuntarily at that blood-curdling scream, but it is only a stoat riding along, clinging savagely to the doomed hare or rabbit.

Then, possibly, you catch your foot in Jem Potter's net and curse a bit and get back to the high road.

Oh! it's good to spend a night out in the open now and then. Somehow it makes you feel cleaner and fresher—that's how I feel about it, anyhow.

To see the stars go out one by one and the first streaks of dawn stripe the sky—up on the hillside for choice, right away from the noise and rattle of towns—and then to have a dip in a cool mountain pool and a roll among the heather, and go home to breakfast with a big appetite—thanking God because it is grand to be alive.

SEND US A PARAGRAPH,

Something bright, something original, something that will appeal to your fellow-readers.

Each week we pay 10s. for the best and 2s. 6d. for every other used.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned.

This week the first prize goes to Mr. H. E. Stone, 136, Salisbury Road, Wavertree, Liverpool, for "Founding a Football Club."

MAKE-SHIFTS.

Perhaps the account of some of my make-shifts may interest other fellows situated as I am.

I had been out of work for a good many months, and so this year I had no chance of a holiday away from home.

So I had to hit on some plan to make the most of the short summer and fine weather.

Mine are long hours, and I feel too tired on week-days to go for long walks in the evenings, so I take an omnibus—a horse one, of course—and go the full length of the journey and back again, using my eyes as I ride along and listening to the yarns of the driver on the way.

Then at the terminus I get down to stretch my legs, watch the horses changed, treat my driver and myself to a glass of beer, and I am quite ready to go back home again, feeling all the fresher for the ride.

Or I vary my programme sometimes by a trip down the river on Saturday afternoons on one of the cheap steamboats. That's one of my make-shifts.

When I first went into digs, my landlady undertook to provide me with breakfast in comfortable time for me to get off to work, but what with her unsuccessful wrestling with slumber and the kitchen stove, my meal was a failure generally. Very often I had to go without a breakfast at all.

I hit on a substitute. I bought a spirit lamp and accessories—the whole lot amounting only to half a crown, including the first pint of spirit—and henceforward I was independent of landladies, and could have a meal when I wanted it.

That was another of my make-shifts.

WHEN BUYING A HARNESS HORSE.

There is more necessity in buying a horse for driving purposes to make sure of his docility than when buying one simply for riding.

You have got more control over the animal when you are on his back than when he is pulling a dog-cart.

He's got you at his mercy if he should choose to do a bolt. A vicious horse in the shafts is dangerous to a far greater extent than a saddle-horse.

It is better to err on the side of ultra-caution and not be tempted by showy action or perfect points when the question of temper has to be considered.

DO YOU POSSESS IT?

What is it? Well, it is a sort of courage which comes to the fore in emergencies. It is, properly speaking, self-possession; but Napoleon gave it a better title—he described it as "Two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage."

Some men have all their wits about them at any and every time, others lose them when they most need them.

Now, an instance of this came under my own personal observation not so long back.

There were two chaps—one was as cool and self-possessed in the face of unexpected happenings as he was at other times, the other fellow lost his head completely, and was no more use in an emergency than an hysterical girl.

They were fine fellows, both of them—not a pin to choose between them as regarded physique and looks—but the one always had his wits about him and the other allowed his to desert him on important occasions.

They joined the Army about the same time, but while one was an acquisition, the other was all right only so long as nothing unforeseen happened. Then he became useless.

It was just the same in little things as in big—a tiny outbreak of fire, or a madman running amok with a loaded gun—Private Peters lost his head, and if it had not been in the latter case for Private Lawe's presence of mind a dire catastrophe would have occured.

"Two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage" is a fine thing to have and worth cultivating.

A TERRITORIAL YARN.

TROOPER KERNAHAN PLAYS.

BY JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

I.

Trooper Kernahan, of the King's Own Royal Regiment, Blankshire Yeomanry, was a young man who was noted both for his general good fellowship, and also for the heartiness, if not the actual wealth, of his hospitality. Upon the last point he rather prided himself.

His rooms at his "digs" were hung rather artistically with photos of camp groups, portraits of old friends in uniform—to say nothing of a fiendish cartoon of himself from the pen of Sergeant Gibson, of the Brermouth Cyclists. The room was very much the reflex of Kernahan—and it is said by eminent philosophers that our lives are largely influenced by our immediate artistic surroundings.

It was Trooper Stephen who had supplied the mineral-water-advertisement match stands, while Carteret had upon the occasion of his birthday weighed in with a wicker chair of the kind that is reputed to serve Rajahs and small potentates with Western ideas in India.

Into this cosy apartment one chill October evening enter Sergeant Hall, the beloved of the fair, Trooper Stephen, of signalling fame, Trooper Carteret, a first-year man, and lastly, the host of the evening, Trooper Kernahan.

It was with a painful disregard of the wall paper that Trooper Stephen struck a match on the pattern as he entered and lit the gas. In the grate a fire flickered, and Trooper Kernahan kicked it into life and a bright, cheerful blaze.

They were all four in uniform, for it was a dismounted drill night. They were experts at the weary game, but turned up religiously to keep the new stuff in trim, and show unto them an example of what a good, Colonel-fearing Trooper of the King's Own should be.

Now Kernahan's guests were in the habit of using the room precisely how they liked. Sergeant Hall found usually that the appointed resting place for his lengthy legs was the scroll work on the mantelpiece; Carteret lounged more or less gracefully on the hearth rug; Stephen, according to custom, sat on the piano stool, his fingers aching to draw out the melody of the regimental favourite, "The Teddy Bears' Picnic."

They had unbuckled their swords, and these Kernahan stacked in a corner, carefully seeing to it that his own brightly-burnished scabbard was wiped with an oil rag to stave off the tiniest spot of rust—unbecoming to the sword of the smartest man in Squadron "B."

Then Trooper Kernahan, loosening his belt, dropped himself artistically on the cushions of the Indian wicker chair, reached an arm up to a caché by the mantelpiece and took down a tobacco jar, a perfect cast of His Satanic Majesty's countenance, in all but that the nose was chipped.

"Ah!" said Kernahan, giving a long drawn sigh of contentment, and handing round the tobacco.

"Lazy beast!" Sergeant Hall commented, attempting the impossible—namely, to arrange the cushions at the back of his fat armchair without taking the trouble to remove his feet from the mantelpiece.

"Kerny, take your beastly boots out of the small of my back," Carteret observed from the hearthrug.

"Hanged if it hasn't tired me more than a day's manœuvring," said Kernahan, "all that stamping about in the Drill Hall for the benefit of the raw recruits."

"To say nothing of our two precious acquisitions transferred from the Loyal Midshire Hussars—otherwise known as the 'Gadflies,'" Sergeant Hall remarked, bitterly.

"Those chaps," said Stephen, tinkering with "The Teddy Bears' Picnic," soft pedal down, as he spoke, "seem to think they can show *us* something—and I can remember one field day when we took two of their villages under their blessed noses, as you might say, and they were as blind as whiskered owls in the day-time."

"Are'nt you rather pally with 'em, Carteret?" asked Kernahan suddenly, as Stephen went on caressingly with the *secondo*.

"They seem decent chaps—reg'lar nuts, *I* think," said Carteret, rather sullenly. "I don't see what you've got against 'em and ——"

"Instinct—merely instinct, my boy," said Kernahan, "the sort of intangible something that makes you distrust a man on sight. Carteret, I shouldn't get too thick with 'em, old kid. There's too much of the genial bounder about them for *my* likin'. The steady look in Mister Bendon's eye, for instance, would get a saint from heaven taken for a spy."

"And Blandford," Stephen, put in, shutting down the lid of the piano, "strikes me as—er—well, unsavoury. Tried to get me on a catch bet the other night at the 'Meteor'—but I wasn't having any. I am not so green as I was once."

The company, with the exception of the aristocratic, not to say fragile, Carteret, smiled broadly.

Carteret, a youth of considerable pocket money, and the happy possessor of opulent parents, referred to his gold wrist watch uneasily.

"Sorry. Can't stay very long with you chaps, to-night," he said. "Got an appointment."

"If it's the girl in the 'Meteor' lounge, her with the peroxide hair, you be careful of her, old sportiboy," said Trooper Stephen, winking.

"Er—no, it's not that one," said Carteret, smiling weakly.

There was a strained silence for several minutes while the group smoked on solemnly.

Carteret's youthful face was obviously flushed.

"Whoever she is, you can bet it's the uniform—not your handsome self," Sergeant Hall observed, cynically. "Alas! How few of these Brermouth beauties love a Trooper in the King's Own for his noble self alone!"

"*You* certainly ought to know something about *that*," said Carteret, rising. "Well, sorry I can't stop, old chap, but you can't keep 'em waiting, you know, otherwise there's a row, *isn't* there, Hall?"

Sergeant Hall merely grunted disapproval.

Trooper Kernahan grasped his young friend's arm as he passed, and stopped him.

"Who is it, boy?" he inquired. "Is it a girl—or—anyone else?"

"Really, Kernahan, I don't see that you've got charge of my affairs. Of course, I can't tell you the lady's name. You might want to cut me out, you old fox!"

Carteret put on his military cloak, his peak cap, and, picking up his regimental whip, departed.

"Good-night, you chaps. Shall I see you anywhere, later?" he called from the door.

"No, we're staying here to-night, Ta-ta," Kernahan replied lightly.

The street door closed behind Carteret, and they heard his spurs clinking on the pavement outside.

Kernahan smoked until the footsteps had died away. Then he laid his pipe down, and looked for a moment into the ruddy glow of the fire, his face half buried in his hands.

"Good gad!" he exclaimed at length, while the others watched him, wondering.

"What's up, Kernahan?" asked Stephen, in a tone of alarm.

"Can't you *see*, you fool, that young Carteret—misled little idiot—is deceiving us, his best pals? Can't you see it, I say?"

There was something in his words that aroused even Sergeant Hall.

"Why, what is it, man?" he asked sharply.

"Lookee here," said Kernahan. "What have you chaps heard about the evening parties in the little Writing Room at the Terrier Club? Hasn't it been whispered to you, too, that——"

"Well, someone asked me to come and play some game called 'Goodwood'—a gambling affair—the other night, and—well—I wasn't keen," said Stephen, light dawning on him.

"Well, you can take it from me that our two Loyal Midshire Hussar transfers are at the bottom of it all. Blandford reckons he's an authority on Soho gambling hells, I believe. *Now*, can't you put two and two together? Remember, too, how keen Carteret is on a game of chance for money."

"Gad!" exclaimed Sergeant Hall, springing up, "Bendon and Blandford have got hold of the boy!"

"Of *course*," said Kernahan, with emphasis.

"And *are* we going to sit here all night—as you said—and let him be fleeced? You can bet they know he's pretty average wealthy for a youngster—my godfathers, no!" said Stephen, involuntarily clenching his fists.

"Of course we're not going to stick here," said Kernahan, contemptuously, "that was only a blind to him. Now chuck me my cap and cloak, thanks."

Swiftly the three prepared themselves for their expedition.

"Your whip?" asked Stephen offering the regimental crested switch to Kernahan.

"No," said Kernahan between clenched teeth, "I might be tempted to use it. My fists 'll do. Come on, boys, the Writing Room of the Drill Ha'—sharp!"

II.

In the Territorial Club's Writing Room, a little-used and somewhat dingey apartment, several Troopers of the Regiment were standing or sitting round a very small table, which was covered with a green cloth.

The object of interest upon that table was not very large, but judging from the anxious-eyed men around, it was evidently of some importance.

It was an innocent looking affair, merely a round ebony-edged board with a smoothly twirling disc in the centre; a little pink flag stuck on a match-stick flagstaff on the black wood rim, marked the winning post.

Now this is a game of various names, but the principle is simple. Moreover, as the disc is mathematically marked off, with horses and their names drawn upon it, it is one of those games that is "absolutely fair"—so long as the players are fair also. It may be played in a nursery for Brazil nuts, or in a gambling hell for bank notes—which is precisely the same as with all really good games of chance. Its charm lies in its adaptability.

Troopers Blandford and Bendon, late of the Loyal Midshire Hussars, and dashing young men withal in their own estimation, held the bank, with Blandford seated at the table and "making the game," while Bendon paid out the odds to the money staked on the boards or swept in when the bank had a "turn up"—which was getting too frequent to be pleasant to the punters.

"There—another turn up!" exclaimed Blandford as a 33 to 1 chance called "The Slasher,"—a tiny space on the board—stopped directly against the winning post. "Really, you chaps must have been asleep here, all these years. Why, you couldn't teach us much about gambling at *our* place, could they, Bendon. We used to play this game under the Captain's nose, and the little idiot

daren't say a word, We'd have annihilated him, y' know. Fairly funky of us!"

"I should be a bit wary of our Captain Devine though," observed a Trooper in the background.

"Oh, is Devine your Captain?" asked Blandford, sarcastically. "'Pon my soul, I had begun to think that that chap Kernahan was commander-in-chief here, the way he swanks about and looks at everybody suspiciously."

"Look here, you shut up about Kernahan," said Carteret, springing up.

"Hear, hear!" chorused the others, sullenly.

"There, there! It was only my larks. We're devils for larks in the Midshires. Back your fancies, gentlemen, and let's get on with the game! Money all down? There, she's spinning. They're off!"

The disc, perfectly balanced, spun round swiftly at the slightest touch of the tiny silver-plated knob.

"Hallo!" Blandford leaned over the table as the speed gradually slackened. "The favourite's won—yes, just won. Another shiver and it would have been the 5 to 1 chance's race. Pay up, Bendon, over the ruddy favourite."

This being the only occasion during which the favourite had turned up during the evening, Bendon did not find this an arduous task.

A double knock fell on the door, which was bolted. Instantly Blandford covered the board with a large newspaper sheet, and the others started chatting unconcernedly.

Bendon turned the key.

"Who the dooce locked the door?" he asked innocently. "Sorry, you chaps."

Kernahan, Stephen, and Hall entered.

"Oh, it's all right," said someone. "These chaps are sports. Continue with the game, Blandford. And just turn that key again, Bendon."

The group returned to the table.

"Hallo, Carteret!" said Kernahan.

"The lady was 'false,'" said Carteret, weakly, "so I came up here for half-an-hour's sport."

"I see," said Kernahan, drily.

Carteret's face was a vivid pink. He kept his eyes on the board.

"Betting a bit heavy, aren't you, old sport?" asked Kernahan, when Carteret made his investment on the favourite's square.

"Aren't you chaps going to play?" asked Blandford, merrily.

"In a minute—when we understand the game," said Trooper Kernahan, removing his cloak.

It was good for Blandford that he did not see the look in Kernahan's eyes.

It was not long, however, before Kernahan did "understand the game."

He pressed Stephen's foot, and directed his attention to Blandford, who, when the disc was slowing down, invariably leaned over the board—but his hand was beneath the table cloth.

"A bit of wire checking the disc underneath, I'll bet a million!" said Kernahan softly to his friends. "He can stop it very gradually, too, just where he likes."

"Good gad!" exclaimed Stephen beneath his breath. "And these rotters have got the cheek to transfer to *our* squadron. Kernahan, let's slay 'em!"

"All in good time. Now watch, and back me up," said Kernahan aside.

He crossed over to the table.

"We think we understand the game, Blandford," he said.

"Oh, it's easy enough!" observed Blandford, his eyes on the board and his hand on the useful piece of wire underneath the table.

"You're right. I'll take the bank!"

"What the deuce ——," Blandford began.

"Hang it, man, I told you I *understood* the game, didn't I? I repeat, I'll take the bank! Are there any objections?"

"No. Let Kernahan take the bank."

"Trooper Kernahan plays!"

"'Ooray! Perhaps our luck 'll change, now!"

The room broke out into a chorus of approval, and Trooper Kernahan smiled softly.

"You see?" he observed to the discomforted Blandford and Bendon.

"Oh, have it your own way," said Bendon.

"Precisely. Now I take the bank, but with *your* capital. Follow? I merely spin the disc. I see fair play. Bendon, you'll leave that money on the table!"

The men looked up aghast. Had their beloved Trooper suddenly taken leave of his senses? Holding a bank with another's money was preposterous, and unheard of in the gambling world.

"It's all right," said Kernahan. "I know what I'm doing, I tell you!"

There was dead silence in the room, cut only by Kernahan's keen tones.

"Stephen and Hall, you will guard that door. Now, gentlemen, it is for you to make your game. But first, count precisely what you have lost. Don't argue with me! *Do* so, you idiots! (I include you, Carteret.) Blandford and Bendon, you sit down over there!"

Kernahan's eyes were blazing with anger, and there was that in his face which no man that saw it could but fear.

The group, half dazed, but trusting blindly in Kernahan, did as they were bid.

"Now," said Kernahan, "write the amount on strips of paper, sign 'em with your foolish names, and plank 'em down on the favourite. Don't say a word, Carteret, you've only to do as I tell you. Damn it, man, do you think I'm acting some musical comedy foolery? If you do, ask Messrs. Blandford and Bendon. They—er, 'understand the game,' and so, by gosh, do I!"

Kernahan took the banker's seat.

"The favourite, you gentlemen will have observed, is an even money chance," he said. "If the favourite wins this time, Messrs. Bendon and Blandford, through me, will have much pleasure in paying back the money they have st——, won from you, I mean. And you can bet your *life*, my boys, that the favourite *will* win. It's Pretty Polly to a cab-horse on it! Now, slips of paper all down? (That, I believe, is a slight variation of the formula, Mr. Blandford.) Right. She's spinning. They're off!"

The disc spun around smoothly, and, as it slowed down, Kernahan leaned over the table.

His method was perhaps amateurish, as in manipulating the wire, he stopped the disc with rather more of a jerk than was strictly Blandford-like and artistic, but the purpose he achieved was the same.

"As I prophesied, gentlemen," he exclaimed, rising and flinging back the cloth to display the wire, "the favourite has won—or rather I have made it win! Thanks for the applause. There's no deception about this trick—none whatever. Perfectly simple. The more you look, the less you see. Here goes!"

Kernahan flung the precious contrivance into a far corner of the room. Then, clutching a generous handful of the confederates' money, he commenced joyously to pay out over the favourite.

* * * * * * *

Ask not of the fate of the two Loyal Midshire Hussars, nor of the official reason given for their discharge from Squadron "B."

At any rate it is believed that Messrs. Blandford and Bendon did the distance down the stairway and across the dimly lit Drill Hall in record time that evening.

"I say, Kernahan," Carteret began, as they le't the Hall.

"Yes, kid."

Carteret tried to speak, but somehow the words failed him.

Kernahan grasped his hand firmly.

"We're all fools—once," he said kindly. "Not another word about it, old chap."

OUT OF UNIFORM.

We are glad to be able to announce that our Territorial readers have cottoned on to our latest idea—THE MODERN MAN Territorial Mufti Suit.

It is the smartest thing going in the way of masculine fashion, embodying all the latest ideas, such as turned-up trousers and gauntlet cuffs, beside the little touches which are to be found in this suit and no other.

On page 18 will be found a full description of the suit, and if you are a dressy man it should interest you.

A DESCENT INTO HADES.

THE TALE OF A MAN AND WOMAN.

The woman laughed derisively.

"You said you loved me."

And because the man was so young and so much enamoured of this red and white creature, her laughter hurt him.

"Anything but this," he said, and his eyes looked at her imploringly. She stamped her foot imperiously.

"Just this thing is what I want," she said.

And there was the obstinacy of a she-devil in her tone and manner.

They were diamonds that she wanted—diamonds! And he was a bank clerk.

"My God!" he cried, "you know it is impossible."

"Then go—and I will find someone else to whom it will be quite possible."

And her tone was final.

The green-eyed monster took possession of the young man. No other should give his Lucy a gift.

His Lucy—the young fool! As if Lucy Carr gave him an hour's allegiance?

She watched him with much the same expression with which a cat watches a mouse. From under her lowered lids, with their silky dark fringe, her great brown eyes gleamed.

It was the old, old story. The woman was playing the temptress.

This time it was not an apple, but diamonds.

He was not forfeiting Eden—only his character, his self-respect, and a few other things.

Lucy put out her hand and touched him. It was a very pretty hand, and it really did not need the ring she was demanding to enhance its daintiness.

"Jim," she said, softly. "You will, won't you?"

And she nestled up to him and put her soft red mouth against his cheek. And, being tempted, he fell.

Lucy got her diamond ring, and Jim grew adept at altering figures in the big ledgers, so adept that Lucy was able to coax other trinkets out of the man who was so infatuated that he was beginning to see no difference between *meum* and *tuum*; he was blind to everything but her red-gold curls and her crimson mouth and snowy bosom, on which the diamonds flashed.

And Lucy's sweet voice silenced the harsh stern tones of conscience. He loved her—poor, foolish lad, wrecking his life for a woman who cared nothing.

She was akin to those creatures of old fable—woman by day, vampire by night, but to Jim she was the embodiment of all that is lovely and womanly, and he poured into her lap the treasures of which he was defrauding others, even as he brought her all the passion and devotion of his manhood.

And she took all—and ever and ever she asked for more.

There was no horse leech's daughter that could compare with her.

* * *

Then the woman tired.

There was an Austrian Prince on whom she smiled.

Jim tried to compete, and naturally he failed.

The bank authorities were waking up. Jim overdid the next attempt. He saw Lucy and told her all.

And she jeered at him.

"Go away with you to another country? Certainly not," she said.

And then she fell to blaming him for his foolishness.

Hell gaped for Jim at that moment.

Blinded by passion, he would have struck her—for she told him plainly that he was nothing to her.

But she called for help, and, like another Delilah, she delivered him up to those who had come in search of him.

And he went down into Hades.

But for Jim there would be no Ascension Day.

A. M. STEWART.

Cross-Country Expeditions

A NOVELTY IN THE WAY OF OUTDOOR RECREATION.

It may be the case of many a Modern Man reader, as it is with me, that stern considerations of pounds, shillings, and pence interpose themselves between their sporting inclinations and the gratification of them by actual indulgence.

Time and again I would mount a horse and turn his head to the hills that lie seven or eight miles away, over the levels intersected by innumerable dykes and stumpy fences. We would follow a direct course, turning neither to the right nor to the left, but taking all obstacles and pitfalls in our stride, trusting to our country-trained legs to carry us safely to the point desired.

SUPERFLUOUS ENERGY.

But work in a busy town warehouse from nine till six does not leave one much time to get astride a horse. Nor does it provide the rank and file with the means of satisfying the longing for such luxuries. And yet we must somehow work off the superfluous energy generated by frequent visits to the club "gym." after business hours, and, by special secret privilege to a few of us, on Sundays when everything seems intended to give a healthy man "the blues." Necessity, with some of us, at least, has proved the mother of invention, and we have evolved what our needs a particular form of recreation which has in it many of the best elements common to all true sports, and many more that are peculiar to itself.

Our town borders on the "moors," which word, down here in the West Country, signifies low-lying, level marshland, drained by innumerable dykes that from a distance look like a network of railways cutting each other in every direction.

The moors, too, have other characteristics which have proved a source of interest, excitement, and even of danger to us in our expeditions. For they are subject to sudden mists, and then they become veritable death-traps.

PLANNING A ROUTE.

From the rising ground that surrounds the moor we can take long views over many miles of typical English country, a land dotted with farms, villages, picturesque church towers topping or sheltering beneath the trees and fading gently away into misty distances.

Gathering at a spot on the outskirts of the town almost every Wednesday afternoon, which is that blessed time known as "early closing day," two and sometimes as many as ten of us survey this land of promise and decide upon the afternoon's expedition.

In three directions we can see for a stretch of ten miles, and in a fourth, by mounting an interior hill, we have about the same range, so that we have a radius of ten miles in any direction in which to find our pleasure, and a real pleasure indeed.

The invariable rule is to pick out some far landmark on the horizon. This is to be "farthest north," or south, or east, or west, as the case may be, and in order to get there we must take as direct a line across country as is by all means possible.

A BEE-LINE.

Having an open agricultural country round our town, we have little difficulty in acting up to this rule.

The interest and excitement of this method of travelling begins at once. Hardly have we gone a hundred yards when we are confronted with obstacles of one sort or another, and it is a point of honour with us all never to go round, but always to go over, whatever stands in our way.

Each member of our party is dressed with due reference to the needs of the occasion. Thick boots and stout ones of some sort, are indispensities, and trousers are exchanged for strong knee-breeches; Norfolk jackets, a good stick, and a very little money complete the outfit.

Time goes very merrily with us when we once leave the town behind and plunge into the mazes of the moor. The expedition resolves itself into something like a steeplechase, without the necessity for haste.

Every ditch and dyke must be jumped, and those who know anything of this sort of outing will appreciate the fun we get out of every obstacle. There is always the chance of a ducking, to say nothing of a landing in the oozy bed of peat that always lies two feet thick at the bottom of the water. Many a time we have enjoyed the sight of one of our company landing well into the water and having a ducking up to the thighs, but on such occasions a brisk run, which develops into a race, to the next obstacle keeps the blood circulating and nullifies the effects of the unexpected bath.

A LONG-DISTANCE OBSTACLE RACE.

Over bog and hedge and plough and fallow we pass on, ever drawing nearer the outermost limit of the expedition, and working up a fierce appetite.

We have become expert jumpers in the course of a few seasons, and I fancy there is no sort of country that we could not find our way across with safety and rapidity.

The spirit of emulation is strong upon us, and the arrival at a particularly tough obstacle leads to a lot of pleasant rivalry, while a little mild betting, one against the other, will often make us attempt and even achieve what seemed next to impossible of accomplishment.

HOW WE TAKE GATES.

Our rules forbid the opening or climbing of a gate. If gates must be passed they must be jumped; and when a hedge stands between us and progress a sharp run and a flying plunge is the only admissible method of making headway.

The company that sits down to a high tea in the nearest cottage that can provide all we require, or in some welcoming farmhouse, is often a mud-bespattered one, but it is a keen and a healthy one.

There are infinite sporting possibilities in this sort of expedition. It makes us fitter than many of the regulation games, such as football, which most of us have given up in favour of the cross-country run.

There is nothing of the paperchase idea about our runs, for there is no need for haste, but we take our course with all its obstacles and find infinite amusement and exercise in overcoming them all.

H. J. Habrough.

He had a boxing-glove on his left hand and a hammer in his right.

"What ever are you going to do?" asked his wife.

"Drive tacks," he said.

"Mother says, will you accept a fowl?" said the little boy.

"Delighted!" said the teacher.

A week later no fowl had arrived, so the teacher asked if his mother had forgotten.

"No," said the little boy. "It got better."

SPORT THE REVEALER.

Man is perennially interesting to man; nay, if we look strictly to it, there is nothing else interesting.—Goethe.

Some men derive much more pleasure from their social intercourse with their fellows than do others.

We have most of us met the unsociable man, the fellow who is apparently fitted by nature to fill quite a considerable place in the human family, and yet who, nevertheless, avoids the society of his fellows. He has no snobbish ideas of his own superiority. He simply does not, for some reason, find "the pleasure he ought, and the pleasure that most men find, in the company of his kind."

When forced into it by circumstances, he proves his ability to hold his own in the great game of give and take that men everlastingly wage with each other. But he escapes at the earliest opportunity and returns to his non-human atmosphere, and is happy again. It may be that he is nervous, but nervousness should not be one of a man's defects, whatever else may be.

The real secret of the society-shunning man is, I believe, to be found in a lack of imagination. He does not see deeper than the stranger's clothes, or, at most, his skin. "A man is a man, and there's an end of him," is something near to his outlook, and this is the direct result of an incapacity to see the real inner man beneath the ordinary appearances and conventions which we all adopt.

Such a man has not got beyond the mere superficial meaning of the famous line that "the proper study of mankind is man."

It surely needs little argument to support the theory that every man is a mystery, sometimes to himself, but always to other people. A belief in this idea will go farther than anything else to make a man's dealings with his fellows into something much more interesting than is ever possible with those who have no human curiosity about their friends.

Every man is a mystery in half a dozen different ways. We all carry about with us in our innermost consciousness thoughts and feelings, desires and plans, that we should no more dare to expose to the light of publicity than we should dare to blow up the Bank of England.

These secrets are not necessarily, nor by any means usually, such as we need be ashamed of. Far from it. But each man has within him just one inner and secret circle of life that no other man ever sees except in certain circumstances.

The fellow sitting next to you in tram-car or tube may chat pleasantly on ordinary subjects, and when he goes on his own way you sum him up and say, "Oh, he's a clerk in a bank, I should think."

He may be, but that fact does not finish him off. You do not care a brass farthing about what he does. Your concern is with what he is, and in the process of finding out you come up against mystery every time.

We may live alongside a man all our lives; we may work with him, and see his character from all sorts of points of view, and still know nothing of the real man that lives in his own private hidden conscience.

It is this impenetrability that gives to all men their attraction, and only through the medium of sport is this veil of mystery ever lifted.

This fact gives to sport one of its keenest attractions to many. It is a species of initiation into the inner circle of a man's personality.

Sport disarms a man, socially. It takes him back to his primitive, elemental period, and the true man comes out to a certain extent. In nothing so much as in sport does a man become really natural, and thus, easily read, and to sport must be credited the formation of innumerable friendships that ordinary social intercourse could never have brought about. Character becomes legible and mystery disappears, in sport.

J. G. Hayward.

WHERE MEN FORECATHER

XXX.

ON THE FISH WHARF.

Over the bleak, wind-swept fishing towns the winter chill has smitten its spirit into the wind; outside the harbour bar the summer blue of the sea is changed to ashen grey.

At sea the white pleasure yachts no longer curvet gracefully in the breeze, but brown-sailed fishing smacks lift their stems clear of the choppy billows, and little stream drifters, puffing along importantly, make their way beneath leaden September skies to and from the fishing grounds of the North Sea.

And as the white sea mist beats up from the North, enfolding the atmosphere like a damp blanket, you may hear the hoarse, bleating blare of the fog-horns, the whining shriek of a siren.

THE RETURN OF THE FLEET.

Through the haze the fishing fleet is creeping cautiously, fenders out; on over the harbour bar, bearing the harvest of the sea, the night's catch, to the fish wharf.

The fish wharf is no place to visit in patent boots and afternoon tea-party attire. The covered market reeks of salt, "pickle," and wet fish. The little conduits cut in the sloping stone-paved floor run red with the blood that trickles through the wicker-work of the hundreds of baskets piled up with the silver herrings, which at this time lie in millions upon the great and famous wharves of Grimsby, Lowestoft, and Great Yarmouth. And these wharves, deserted the summer through, are now scenes of great animation.

There are men in thick boots and wondrous attire, the fair-haired German buyers rubbing shoulders with the English, Swedes, and Norwegians; while the men from all the fishing towns of the East Coast of Scotland—a clever, level-headed set—are much in evidence, swearing by Bonnie Scotland and their favourite blend of whisky.

THE BUYERS.

The buyers stroll around the market unobtrusively in mackintoshes or thick coats; their boots and black leather leggings are mud-covered and innocent of polish, but behind their uncanny, irresponsible expression there is the acumen of keen business men. Some are "in the trade" on their own account; others are wise and trusted agents of the big fish-buying firms of the Continent.

They make the fish wharf more than a market of herring or "wet" fish—it is a stock exchange with much money to be won and lost daily on a big deal. Their capacious pockets are stuffed with telegrams with instructions to buy, their cold fingers are on the pulse of the market, they are masters of the mystery of demand and supply, and they say nothing—and continue to say it—until the right moment, which is, perhaps, the true essence of the business spirit.

In their breast pockets they carry the inevitable black-covered notebook, and on its leaves are weird calculations, bewildering and Sanscrit to the unversed eye—but meaning much to them.

By the wharf-side hundreds of boats, drifters and smacks are drawn up, unloading herring in wicker baskets—"cranning them out"—and placing the fish opposite the salesman's office beneath the covered market.

Suddenly, all is pandemonium. The bell of the fish salesman's minion clangs, and after the manner of the town-crier he shouts out: "Herring buyers, fresh herring buyers!"

The salesman himself takes up his position, his pencil is his auctioneer's hammer and his fat note-book his table. The buyers gather round and examine the quality of the catch. Then the sale begins.

There is no entreaty in the salesman's voice, no praising of the "lot." He knows that naught but the quality of the "stuff," and the demand from "away," of which the buyers know, can influence the price at all.

It is all a gabble, bewildering enough to the untutored observer—nods, winks, a gruff "and again." It is all over!

The catch has been sold at so much per "cran" to one of the unimportant-looking gentlemen, whose trading name, imprinted on small slips of paper, is now laid upon the whole catch.

And the salesman departs, with his minion declaiming to the fish wharf at large: "Bloater stuff buyers. Bloater stuff buyers! Then the group forms anew round a heap of salted herring—"bloater stuff."

The man who goes out to sea to the herring fishing grounds, in almost all weathers, and stopping for naught but the most dangerous gales that sometimes sweep the East Coast, can be summed up in one word—steel! His big hands are rough, the nails stunted and battered, the hard palms of them marked clearly where the icy, wet rope has passed through when it was "nets up." His muscular shoulders show his fine build in his skin-tight blue jersey.

MEN OF STEEL.

He is not a beautiful thing to look upon, he is not splendid, he is merely lumpy and hard—but a coarse, grand animal—good stuff! Ashore he is usually riotous, and as a class, improvident (I speak now of the English fisherman).

But he is always ready to help a mate out of "deep water."

He slouches through the fish market with a slight nautical roll in the early morning, when his boat is "due away" to the fishing grounds.

"Come on George, damn ye!" comes a hail from one of the boats moored to the stone quayside.

"Orl ri'—doan' you git a-worritin' there," he replies in rather an injured tone. "I've just been haven' two twos o' rum with 'Is R'yal 'Ighness the Prince o' Wales."

He jumps on to the newly-washed deck rather wearily—but once fairly aboard and out to sea—then, by all the saints, he is a changed man indeed!

"SCOTTIE."

But the Scotch fisherman—the "Scottie," as they call him in the English coast fishing towns—is a character absolutely different from the man of the South.

He is a philosopher, with a dialect, dress, manners, and method most particularly his own.

To see him conversing with one of the red-faced, raw-boned, hardy "lassies" from the frigid North, who "gut" the herring at the "pickle factories" behind the wharves, is to watch a study in deportment, solemn regard without passion. Kindly to friends and acquaintances, and never, never forgetting his home and the bairns in the frigid North, he is, when all is analysed carefully, the best, finest, most solid, god-fearing type of man on our great fish wharves to-day.

PETER GILCHRIST.

SING-SONGS.

HOW THEY WARM A MAN'S HEART.

Wherever you may go you will always find the Britisher ready with his lungs to give relief to the pent-up feelings of his vocal organs. It seems to soothe him when nothing else would do, and he always feels much happier after kicking up as much row as he possibly can.

By the title "Sing-Songs" I do not mean the drunken orgies and rowdiness which is made a speciality by a certain class, but that kind of organised song-gathering, if I may term it, which is indulged in by the sportsman and the average Englishman when he requires a noisy but clean recreation.

Sometimes it is a token of victory in a contest sport; at others it is seen at a smoking concert or club gathering or round the camp fire.

Nevertheless, whether the occasion be the return home of a victorious football team, or the yelling of choruses at a concert, or a number of "Swaddies" or "Terriers" singing to the moon, the same thing is evident everywhere: their whole enjoyment seems to be in kicking up a shindy, regardless as to whether the roof or the heavens will come down upon them.

* * *

The night has drawn in upon the camp on Salisbury Plain, and in a large tent are gathered a dozen or so "nuts" of a certain Yeomanry Regiment (*not* the King's Own).

Trooper Jones has already sung three times, but his chums persist in calling on him again. They want that chorus once more, and have it they will. Once more "Jonesey" starts the ball rolling, and that with the only song he knows. This, by the way, is about the sea, but what do they care? So long as it possesses a "big" chorus, that is all that troubles the singers. Time after time the old song, "Sons of the Sea," rolls out upon the moonlit plain, until the gallant Yeomen, so to speak, could sing it with their mouths shut. They are happy.

* *

A great camp fire is blazing in an old quarry. Round it, stretched upon the ground or huddled in brown Army blankets, sit some hundred fellows from one of the poorest quarters of the East of London.

Here and there, distinguishable in the flickering light by little but his size, is a stalwart young man, one of the "College gents" who is helping to give his less fortunate brothers a real holiday for once and learning something of their lives.

"We're all pals together"—the chorus is sung with a will and East-End and West come strangely close together under the starlit sky.

* * *

'Tis far away in Alaska. The miners and trappers have done for the day and have adjourned to Mike Murphy's saloon. As usual, of course, there are songs "between the courses." Dick Hawkins has satisfied the men with a song he learnt when a kid—"Two Little Girls in Blue"—Dick Burton, a one-time public-schoolboy, is obliged with "The Admiral's Broom" and "Thora." Amid much applause and stamping on the floor, he essays to please the company once more. His rich voice has sung three lines, when Charlie Adams over in the corner gives a start and listens more intently. Where has he heard that tune before? It is somehow familiar to him.

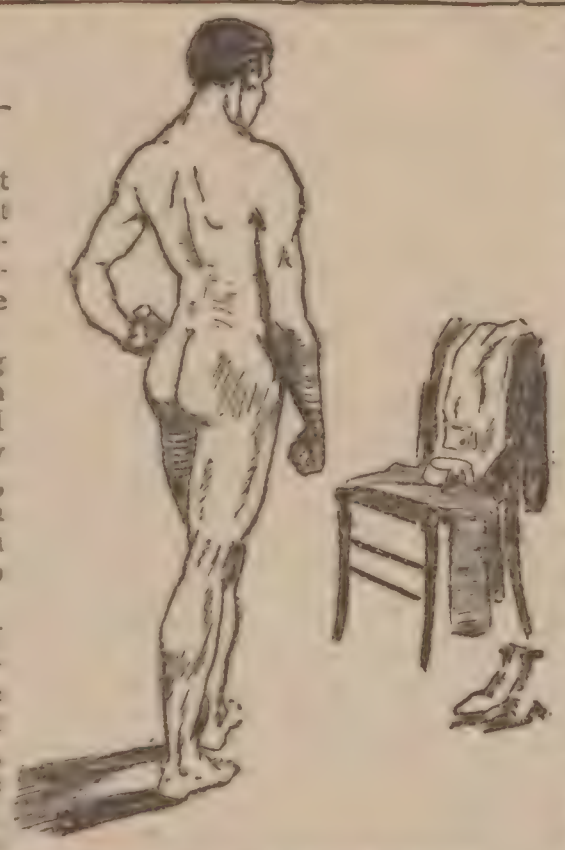
His eyes become dim, and he turns away, half ashamed, and yet strangely happy.

It has brought back old memories of England, home, and beauty to more than one of the men who have helped to make the name of the Pioneer what it is, and Charlie's are not the only eyes that appear to glisten in the lamp-light.

Then once again "Home, Sweet Home" rings out, but hardly as loud as before, for these rough, mannered yet kind-hearted men find that their voices seem to refuse to rise to anything but gently. For although the Englishman's heart is strong, he cannot conceal the one soft spot for the Old Country.

J. A. Wyatt

STRIPPED BARE



"A man's a man for a' that."—BURNS.

Has it ever struck you that clothes are fearful liars? At any rate, if to lie means to misrepresent truth, then it is impossible to find a word more untrue than the truth sometimes is.

I steer clear of associating feminine wearing apparel with any remarks I make, though I have no doubt it is equally mendacious. No; I am a man, and can speak thereupon with little authority. I allow them all the mystery attaching to feminine personality.

But, as regards the clothing of men, I do know something, having enjoyed close acquaintance with them and it for a goodly number of years, and, as I have said, I have come to the conclusion that, however perverters of the truth though some of us are, our covering is by far the greater liar.

There are two accepted reasons, or better, excuses, for wearing clothes; one is because they give warmth and protection, the other, because we have all agreed, consciously or otherwise, that the human body is unfit for human sight.

Now, the latter reason would never have existed if we wore no clothes at all; so clothes, besides being untruthful, are also responsible for this universal indictment of the power that made us.

There may not be nakedness throughout Nature, but at least Nature is honest with the apparel she provides. The lion is magnificently adorned, but then he is always a lion, and a magnificent animal at that. The brilliant plumage of birds is but a kindly compensation for their lack of song, and their dress is their passport to our appreciation.

But rarely do a man's clothes convey his personality honestly. I am not referring to well-cut clothes, shabby clothes, nor to the types which carry their clothes well or ill. In fact, I am not concerned just now with the effect that clothes give to the onlooker. I want to deal with the effect they have on the wearer.

To use once again that word which is such a personal affront, liars are very much worse when they are liars to themselves, and similarly clothes have their most powerful lying influence upon the man inside them.

You may pause to question whether it is true that men are liars to themselves. Well, approximately enough, a convincing answer is provided by clothes themselves.

How do you feel if you are dressed shabbily? Shabby yourself, of course. Are you, then, any nobler in character than you were when your attire was beyond criticism? Very seldom.

It is, I admit, quite likely that a man who loses affluence through folly, and becomes poor, and consequently shabby, feels his condition to be deserved. But many of us have suffered "hard-up-ness" and shabbiness just at the time when we were making our best and bravest fight of it, and we have felt a jolly good fellow when elegantly attired, often when we had least cause to be.

We are slaves to clothes. They can depress or elate us; they can make sinners ape sanctity and heroes slink along the dark side of the road through shame; they can make the chicken-hearted confident and the courageous sweat with funk. An honest man with frayed trousers will have to use an effort to look you in the face, while a scoundrel well-dressed will carry off a bank robbery with perfect debonair.

These are crude instances, I know, but they are not exaggerations. They are but proofs of the falsity of clothes, and the totally unwarranted effect they have upon the wearer.

If men would be true to themselves, and reveal their real worth to one another, they should go about bare. I am afraid this would be rather inconvenient in Christian England, and provocative of legal interference, but the thing might be done gradually: your coat to-day, and waistcoat to-morrow; then shirt — well, as you please.

Anyhow, those who can face substantial fact and not waver will agree with me that nakedness levels all classes. A duke in a bath (in the condition of my title) would be no better a man than a commoner because of his dukedom. He would be better or worse, or perhaps about the same, *judged as a man.*

And I do not refer only to physique. Any of you who have been naked among other naked men will need no telling that a meagre stripling may possess more dignity than a passable imitation of a Hercules. The fact of singular significance about nudity is that it also, by some mystical means, strips bare the genuineness of a man.

A friend of mine, a gentleman and a sportsman, told me the other day that on one occasion he met in a swimming bath a young miner, both of them practically in Nature's garb, and though the miner had no claims to education and refinement, he, my friend, was acutely conscious of a sensation of inferiority.

Clothes disguise the character of a man just as they disguise his shape, which is lying.

Clothes are essential to the cult of culture, and culture is an abominable caricature of Nature, despite what any horticulturist or other culturist may say. Leave the cultured plant or animal to itself and see what it will do. With extraordinary rapidity it will revert to a pristine state.

And it would be the same with us if we discarded clothes. We should not say good-bye to civilisation, as may be hastily supposed, but instead we should have the fit ruling the unfit, the worthy dominating the unworthy, and both of and worthy acting to their weaker brethren in a manner concomitant with their character.

Of course, it won't be done. Of course, it is Utopian. I have put the matter to you not as a creed, but as a useful idea. Whenever you wish to form a correct judgment of a man, endeavour to get a sight of him stripped, or, failing this, try to imagine what he would be like in that condition. It often means a revolution of opinion.

Again, if you happen to be hard up and poorly dressed, fight the influence of your clothes as you would fight an enemy. They are liars to you. You are the same man in them or out of them. If anything, you are a better man out of them, for then you have a chance to be natural.

And at least, in such circumstance, you are equipped to take your stand side by side with another and be judged as you *are*, and not—as clothes insist—as you *appear*.

A. G. STORM.

One advertiser in our Readers' Sale and Exchange page last week had 173 replies.

This gives you some idea of the value of this medium if you have something to dispose of.

Your advertisement need not cost you more than a shilling.

POTTS AS A MARKSMAN.

HIS TRIALS—AND THOSE OF HIS FRIENDS.

Potts is not of Herculean proportions, and his nerves and his heart would appear to be suited to his stature.

But Potts has come into a fortune lately, and he imagines that it is absolutely essential to his new position that he should know how to handle a gun.

He is a bit afraid of it still.

So am I—when it is in his hands.

However, there is a shooting-gallery near where Potts lives, and he has taken to going there to practise for a short time daily.

There is another butt there now—that's Potts.

Potts is of a decidedly dark complexion, not to say sallow, and his hair is black by nature and shiny from copious applications of oil.

So it is not to be wondered at that just lately he has been an object of interest to certain members of our talented Police Force, who are desirous of crediting my friend Potts with an Indian birthplace, and persist in attributing his new hobby to other motives than those that govern Potts.

He is impressed by the attention he is getting. Says, of course, it is owing to his fortune.

I mildly ask whether there is any particular reason why Scotland Yard should betray such an interest in his little windfall, but Potts says he doesn't know.

He always was a bit thick, was Potts.

Then I suggest that he is looked upon as a suspicious character—at which he smiles in a superior fashion.

Potts looks downright idiotic when he smiles.

He left off going to the gallery for a bit, I observed.

Instead he came to my place. Promised me a sparrow-pie. Sparrow-pie is a weakness of mine.

Another weakness of mine was letting Potts into my back garden.

First he riddled the week's washing, which was hanging out to dry—my best shirts too.

Then he happily missed Mrs. McCall's pet pug. Mrs. McCall has a voice like a midnight orchestra of cats, and Potts doesn't have to live next door to her as I have.

Then he started blazing away at the birds.

There is not a whole pane in any of the windows that look out into the garden, but never a sparrow fell to his gun. When I eat sparrow-pie I shall be indebted to someone else.

But if Potts found the sparrows too much for him he managed to kill my wife's parrot, a jewel of a bird, which we had just refused twenty pounds for.

That's Potts all over.

He'd miss the enemy and shoot his commanding officer.

I hope Potts will be decently buried before there is an invasion. He'd be a greater danger than the foe.

Potts has had to return to the shooting-gallery.

He mostly has the place to himself. His gun goes off at odd moments, and there is no glory in being winged by a fool.

Does he ever hit the bull's-eye? No. He aims at it—therefore he misses it.

Potts has never to my knowledge hit anything he intended to hit.

He says the fault lies in the gun. Well, he has tried every maker of note—and otherwise.

The best sort for Potts would be a pop-gun—it is the safest.

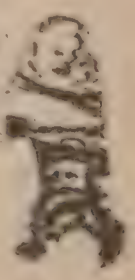
The police are still watching Potts. It strikes me that one day they will have their reward.

Potts will try to shoot a stuffed bird and kill a man by mistake, unless he can be persuaded that a gun is not a necessary adjunct to a man of fortune.

The last time I went to that shooting-gallery I heard the attendant say to Potts:

"Well, sir, you'll make a marksman"; then he added *sotto voce*, "in eternity maybe."

SIGISMUND SMITH.



A LOVE LETTER

A HUMAN EPISODE.

By E. WADE LANG.

The man sat down at the table with his pennyworth of note-paper, drew the oil lamp a little nearer to him, and wrote:

"Beloved,

"No doubt you will be awfully surprised to receive this letter from me, especially upon your wedding morning. It was quite the merest chance in the world that I saw the announcement in this morning's "Times" that to-morrow at one o'clock at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, you and the Honourable Guy Winstone will be joined together in the bonds of holy matrimony.

"I think I was just about as surprised as you will be when you get this letter from me. It had all the charm of unexpectedness that one sees when a great bank of heavy clouds on the horizon is pierced suddenly by the flaming sword of the sun. A flaming sword went right through me then, my Beloved, and it's awfully queer to be still alive.

"Of course, to the stupid people who do not understand, there would be great impropriety in my addressing you as Beloved, especially in a letter that will reach you on the morning that you're to be wedded to someone else—the Honourable Something-or-other, wasn't it? But they don't know, and nobody knows save you and I, that you are and have been and will be my Beloved eternally. You see, they can't possibly understand that you and I, because we were wise enough to realise the stupidity of attempting to fulfil ourselves to one another on this little Earth, chose to part and wait until the golden void is ours that we shall fill with the music and splendour of our love. There will be quivering pain in the music, though.

"I am afraid you will find this a dreadfully stupid letter. I've already used that word stupid ever so many times and I've told you twice that you're my Beloved. The reason is, you know, that something has happened to my brain-wheels. Instead of them all spinning noiselessly at lightning speed and allowing me to think clearly and sanely and logically about everything, they've all stopped but one. And that one is grinding creakily round, saying over and over again: 'She's going to be married to-morrow, she's going to be married to-morrow, she's going ——'

"And so on.

"Now, I've got an idea that if I write to you and say how glad I am that you *are* going to be married to-morrow, my heart's Beloved, I shall be able to think the same as before; for, you know, as long as I can only think one thing, and that thing you, I don't see how I'm to go on living at all.

"You see, when you actually are married, seriously, irrecoverably, everlastingly married, if any one stupid brain-wheel goes on saying the same old thing I shall be mad, because you can't keep on getting married to-morrow, can you? At least, I hope not. There is something so altogether inexplicable about the whole matter that I feel helpless to grasp any little bit of it.

"I forget what it is I started to write about. I think I intended to say that I hope you will be happy. I do hope so, with all my heart. You will know this just as you will know that happiness is only created by hope, and that there will never be any happiness in your life except the hope for the time when you and I shall come together again.

"But there is something else I want to tell you. It is how much I glory in your bravery. This also I can say, knowing you will understand. There has never been sarcasm or insincerity between us, has there? We have always talked to one another with the voice of the soul of love, and the soul of love knows nothing of lies and pretence.

"You are brave, greatly brave, because you have determined to live exactly as other people live; and I know what that determination must have cost you. Alas! that grandest heroism should lie in making the best of things. What a condemnation of the world!

"Something awkward has just occurred to me. How are you going to manage about this husband-to-be? You can't possibly intend to let him kiss you! He'll want to, you know. You surely must have thought of that!

"I don't mind your marrying him, because it's right and necessary that a woman should have a protector and a good man's name—of course, I know he is a good man; you wouldn't have had anything to do with him if he weren't—but, as you can never give of your love-self to any man save me, it is bound to be tremendously difficult for you.

"I wish I could see you to talk it over. You're so direct and fearless—never doubting or afraid for yourself—that you would tell me immediately what is in your mind, and then I should have no fears at all.

"You see, if by any ghastly chance you are marrying this man in desperation, because the tortures of your lacerated heart are making you seek to defy God to allow you to take a step that will lead to destruction, then it is not God but I who must prevent you. You belong to me after this life—we both understand that—but you can only belong to *yourself* during this life.

"I wish my brain would work as it used to do—I should be able to piece these broken bits together then. It is dreadful for me not to know clearly and without questioning all that exists in your soul.

"I think we forgot to talk this over with the other things that day two years ago.

"What a funny talk that was! A wild evening of wind and storm, darkening, hurrying, fear-stricken clouds, the near crash and travelling roar of the sea, its misery-tossed waves calling, *calling* . . . . and you and I . . . . trying to understand.

"Don't you remember we even thought we would demand our happiness then, and swim out and out . . . .?

"I would have done it. The waves were black merely to frighten us. But no! You said we might not come together again after death—and you looked at me with that little white smile of yours, infinitely more piteous than any tears, and yet infinitely more brave—and we went on talking it over.

"Two years ago! Before now I have counted up the seconds and called each one a pain, and put upon each one a price—which debt you shall pay in Paradise.

"Talking it over! How to keep our love unsullied from the world, how to escape the vulgarity of the familiar, the stale pleasures of custom, all the cold passivity that comes with exchange of the aspirations of the soul for the ugly comforts of the body!

"And, thank God, we saw no glory in the other thing!

"It is really right to thank God, you know, for he gave us piercing vision, so that we saw passion as nothing but a rag ill hiding indecency.

"Oh! we were wise children indeed! So wise that we could relinquish what was in our grasp for the heaven hereafter. So foolish in thinking that we could work our will with Life, when it is always Life who works its will with us.

"Who were we to think that we had strength to meet and overthrow Life? It is an iron monster, grim, relentless, terrible, to those who oppose its path, a Car of Juggernaut grinding the faithful into the earth. And the Car has [illegible] you and me beneath its wheel.

"It has, my Dear. I am beginning to understand now. We were mad, mad with the [illegible] spiritual sanity that dislocates the poor human brain. We could not understand why measureless and unspeakable desire for perfect love should exist within us when perfect love was denied.

"We tried to understand, and we couldn't. We don't understand now. We are making the tragedy of life—and I alone, while you are going to be married to-morrow. Oh! the barrenness of it! Worse is your best than mine, for your grief may be silent, while mine can be voiced to the stars, lonely like me.

Men will never believe that it can *hurt* to love—even as the world loves—never until they have felt the pangs that too great love can bring, the ghastly fear of they know not what, of a something that shall come suddenly and secretly to shatter the world they live in.

"Only Beloved of my soul, surely it is given to few to love as you and I love, else would the accumulated cry of their suffering reach [illegible] shatter the Throne of God. For them, [illegible] not Earth, but the flower garden of Paradise.

"I would have you barefooted in the [illegible] field of Heaven, with red poppies around you, [illegible] your dark hair a cloud about your face, purity in your deep, deep eyes, and the glory of God [illegible] transparent through you.

"You wouldn't smile your white piteous smile then because life was so fearful. There would be the warm serenity of Spring about you, and [illegible] upon your scarlet lips. I should watch you [illegible] off . . . until you threw back your hair and *looked*. With the very thought that you wanted me I should come, for thoughts are living things there, and a whole beauteous race we should create by thoughts alone.

"Mad dreamer that I am! You are going to be married to-morrow! You are going to sacrifice yourself to the monster Custom, a monster that will take the fine texture of your being and tear it into shreds.

"You are going to be married to-morrow. In the name of Love I say you are *not* going to be married to-morrow. You are coming to me.

"They will bring this letter to you among others with their hideous mockery of congratulation, and you will see and know the writing, and your heart will beat . . . and stop . . . and beat and beat again.

"You will take it somewhere by yourself to read it, and read it, and kiss the name [illegible] whenever you come to it, because that is what I have done, and you will hasten, hasten to be ready and come.

"They will ask you questions and questions; whatever they say, whatever they ask, you will laugh and give no answer, for you will be [illegible] to me, your soul-mate from the beginning.

"And when you come and I look upon you I shall stand still and breathless. . . . You will come slowly nearer, your eyes wide, your lips parted . . . until we kiss. . . .

"I am blind with the white light of it! What does the hereafter matter to us? We don't want Heaven, nor the cruelty of a vision of it. We want each other. Together is our Heaven. [illegible] in Death, and beyond Death to the Eve[illegible] But Earth first, Beloved. Why should we be afraid?"

* * *

The man stopped writing all at once, and put down his pen.

"Why should we be afraid?" he said [illegible] staring long and fixedly into the light of the lamp.

He looked about his dingy room. He [illegible] the money he possessed from his pocket, counted the few shillings and coppers over and over again, silently, mechanically.

A smile twisted his lips, but it did not spread to his eyes.

"That's why," he said. And, later, with bitter self-hatred, "no, not that. The [illegible] temperament!"

So he burnt the letter.

THE LAST PIPE

A MAN'S REVERIE.

Ah, home at last! Good. And somehow you feel that the world is not too much of a burthen to-night. Something is just singing to you happily, like the joyous lilt of a light, gay, little song. . . . There, and you have actually lit the gas without burning your fingers. . . . Everyone has gone to bed, and so perhaps you had better turn in, too, old chap. No letters by the last post. Thank heavens!—and so near quarter-day as it happens to be. Happy is the man to whom the postman's knock is simply and sublimely nothing.

Well, perhaps two minutes in the chair will do no harm, and you have never made it a rule to go to bed on the evening of the morning you get up. Not yet twelve. Great Scott! Fancy going to bed before twelve! No, a last pipe, old chap, a last, peaceful, undisturbed pipe, and your thoughts shall not be of the excellent Mr. George Bernard Shaw, for instance, because he twists things about so, and to recall some of his epigrams is conducive to brain-fag.

This is surely the best pipeful in the whole pouch. Why is it that your tobacco does not taste alike the whole packet through? Life is what we make it. Is our tobacco the same?

Now, that last thought could be carried to some length of mixed metaphor, but you don't feel flippant about anything to-night. You are just comfortable, you have found your real self, the calm reasoning, unerring self whom you only meet occasionally when you have a quiet hour.

Oh, it's not a bad old world. The friends we lose in life are perhaps best lost—the men whom we thought straight and true to us and who simply—very simply—were *not*. Well, there's a sigh in that, certainly, just a light sigh—not a heavy one, because, perhaps, they are not worth bothering about, and hang it, a man cannot always be living his life in regret, in mourning those who have disappeared from his ken.

Just like that smoke, lingering a little space and then gone—gone completely—vanished into thin air, as the saying goes.

And in that smoke are the wraiths of the past, now that some other people know now—and, yes—wish them a little luck. May they be better friends to others than they were to you. To-night, smoking in the arm-chair, you can forgive them as you would like to have been forgiven—just enough, that is, to be neutral about the matter.

After all, too, you have a lot of little things to be very thankful for. Your briar was not expensive, but it is good and now smokes very sweet and cool. You have smoked quite half of your last pipe full. Why can't you always find your pipe such an excellent companion, instead of an invidious nothing? You puff on slowly and lazily because nothing matters a great deal, to-night.

How rarely it is that one strikes the thing that many of us are seeking—the happy medium! That is to say, when life is a little worth the living, when friendship can be believed in, and love (if it be our portion, seems Nature's sweetest and not most cruel gift.

A pipe is an antidote to passion, but it is not an enemy to a man's love for woman. It cools the thoughts a little, and she perhaps might think you a little neglectful and casual now if she could see you; but you are *not*. No! When you think of her close to you, and——

Switch it off, old man! Happy medium is your part just now, and you almost allowed yourself to burst into enthusiasm, which is not in keeping with the calm feeling that this last pipe should let fall on you like a soft mantle of exquisite peace.

If there is anything that has amused you during the day, it is nothing, really, to laugh about loudly to yourself; just a semi-cynical smile meets the case. If they thought they scored off you at the office—well, they are welcome to the thought; it was merely nothing, and the heated remarks you made at the time, perfectly useless. They would make no difference to the position of the world's affairs a hundred years hence; so why bother?

Whatever is there so subtle in nicotine that can so easily make a philosopher of a man like yourself — an ordinary, usually unreasoning, chap?

Well, perhaps mankind in this day *does* live at too high a tension. Hurry to get here, or go there. A young man in a hurry is rather a wild sort of barbarian after all, but time and ruthless City trains wait for no man. Therefore, you have to bolt your breakfast, and do the distance to the station in record time. Rather a fag, but perhaps it is just after all—otherwise, how many of us would be in the City before lunch time?

Bah! The City grates on your thoughts a little — smelly place, full of petrol fumes and restaurant reeks, with someone trying to get something out of you at every step! Why does the newspaper "boy" never have a ha'penny change—so that you give him the whole penny "for luck"—and then you open the paper at the Stop Press News to find the horse which carried your shilling each way marked with a little "0" among the "also ran"? It leads a man to doubt the sportsman's usual maxim that giving away money was merely buying luck. As it was only a ha'penny, though, perhaps you were asking for too lengthy odds about Luck.

And Life is very much the same as racing. Mental note—you must see, old chap, that *you* do not finish among the inglorious "also ran." Therefore, you must keep up the racing pace and steer the straight, unerring course—no crossing, no bumping and boring, no foul riding, but to win every time!

Phew! enthusiasm creeping in again, and you intended to bar it for an hour.

Your pipe is really soothing at this hour, really soothing; and if you close your eyes—don't fall asleep, you idiot—you can lose yourself pretty well, just as in a vista of overhanging trees. Overhanging trees mixed with grass-grown, cool lanes; somewhere where there is quiet, a caressing breeze, and—but you must open your eyes, or you will fall asleep—and so on.

By a tremendous effort you manage to rouse yourself to wakefulness again, and you begin to think it is about time you betook yourself to bed.

The pipe, it seems, is nearly finished on this evening of your content. Winter or summer the same, your pipe can still lead you into peaceful thought after the turmoil of the day.

And thus, when chill winter comes you will have your Friend opposite you—that is, as some famous gentleman, you believe, said—when you find him. You will smoke your last pipes by the flickering light of the fire, until the blue wreaths hang in festoons around the room. Then, perhaps, similar thoughts, similar little pieces of philosophy will come into your minds, but you will not speak of them. You will puff on in silence until the tobacco tastes rank in your mouths, watching each other through half-closed eyes the while.

Out—your pipe is out. You must place it in the rack. Now to take off your boots.

"Tick tock" from the clock on the mantel——

And—good night!

S. B. WORSFOLD.

A MAN'S HAIR.

HOW HE SHOULD DRESS IT AND TEND IT.

A woman's hair is her glory, but with a man it is different.

His hair seems usually to be looked on as something he can't very well help, but which had better be cut as short as possible, until it finally begins to get "rather thin on the top," in the time-honoured words of the barber, and its one-time owner joins the great band of the bald-headed who have been objects of amusement to the small boy, of profit to the hair-growing expert, and of despair to themselves, from the time of Elijah onwards.

This is not a eulogy of the merits of any patent brand of hair restorer or "beautifier," so your fears of finding a bathos and the magic letters "advt." at the bottom may be allayed. The patent preparations which are sold for the hair may one and all be excellent, but as sound a remedy for a thin patch as one could want is a little ordinary paraffin well rubbed into the roots.

A still more primitive, but most effective expedient is to slice a raw onion in half and anoint the scalp with that.

But let us hope that few of my readers are troubled with a tendency to lose their hair altogether. The difficulty with many is rather how to keep their luxuriant locks in place and how to keep their hair trim and so arranged as to improve their appearance as much as possible.

Just as the lady's coiffure is subject to the vagaries of fashion, so, in a lesser degree, is that of a man.

Fortunately, however, men are not so thoroughly under the thumb of fashion that they will sacrifice appearance to it, and adopt a style of hair-dressing that they know does not suit them just because it happens to be in vogue.

The predominant fashion at present has undoubtedly reached us from America, and it is probably Oxford that has handed it on. Nine men out of ten of the rising generation part their hair in the centre and allow it to grow long in front, so that it can be brushed straight back and will lie flat.

This method is often grotesquely exaggerated, especially by those who have dark, soft hair, which they oil till it shines again. It is no uncommon thing, so a barber has told me, for young fellows to allow their hair to grow seven inches long in front, so that it may be brushed right over and down the back of the head, and frequently the parting is dispensed with altogether.

Hair of this length is, of course, out of the question for the sportsman, though I have seen some curious sights in the way of hair emerging from a Rugger scrum or on the river in a high wind at the 'Varsity.

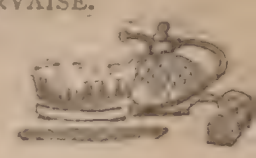
The secret of keeping a smart and well-groomed appearance is to keep the hair trim round the ears and at the back of the neck and, of course, the straight edge of hair in front of the ear should be trimmmed with the razor every time you shave.

It is a curious fact that not many years ago the man who parted his hair in the middle invariably looked a fool, while nowadays the strength of a face is in no way marred by this arrangement of the hair.

The reason is not far to seek. The modern young man, even though he keeps his hair long in front, brushes it back so that it is kept clear of the temples, while the older type plastered it down each side so as to give himself a flat and uninteresting appearance. By this means he lost an inch or so of his apparent height and all claims to good looks.

And just as long hair in front has become typical of the smart and up-to-date young man, long hair at the back—so popular in the days of the æsthetes—has become the symbol of the old-fashioned and the out-at-elbow, of the actor and the poet, the artist and the musician. Why art should necessitate unkempt hair it is difficult to say, but it frequently seems to do so in real life as well as in comic papers.

JOHN GERVAISE.



THE WAGONER.

A STUDY.

He is one of the jolliest souls in all the country-side, and the most popular.

Just now, when every cart and every horse and man and boy, and woman too in many cases, is busy from morning till night in the fields, helping to carry one crop or another in the brief intervals of dry weather, the wagoner finds there is hardly time to eat or sleep, but through it all he somehow keeps up the highest spirits of all the harvesting crowd.

With so many hands at work he has his task cut out to keep none of the great laden wagons waiting. As fast as one is emptied at the barns or in the stack-yard, another awaits him up in the half-carried field of corn, and he is kept working to and fro, and doing as much hustling as his easy-going view of life will allow him.

He has many a ticklish job just now in piloting the burdened and creaking wagons over the uneven surfaces of the hilly field; and to see him struggling to make a straight course through the gate-posts, from which the gate has been temporarily lifted and laid aside against the hedge, is to witness a picture of strenuous manhood that has its only counterpart in the fierce work of a battery of horse artillery getting into action.

With a final lurch the wagon just shaves through the posts, the few spare inches of space evenly divided on each side.

Once on the high road, the wagoner's work is simple. He brings his horses to a standstill. Then he hitches up his broad belt that had become disarranged in the tussle at the gate, goes leisurely back to the stubble to pick up his great shady hat that has seen as many summers as its wearer, and is quite as weather-beaten, and returns to the horses.

All is now plain going. He only needs to keep a look-out for faster traffic than his own huge load.

Pulling his old and shady hat well down over his head, he dives under the load where it projects far out on the rack over the horses' backs.

Here, on the broad shaft, he sits, half hidden by the overhanging sheaves. His legs dangle loosely towards the ground, and this is, indeed, often as much as can be seen of him at such times—a pair of sturdy legs and heavy boots that swing at ease with the motion of the cart.

From his dark retreat he manages to keep a sharp look-out on the road. His horses he knows well and is known of them, so that a word shouted from his seat is all that is required to make them go this way or that, to bear to this side or the other.

Indeed, if he should fall asleep, they would know all that he could tell them about the road to the yard. They have travelled it with him these many years.

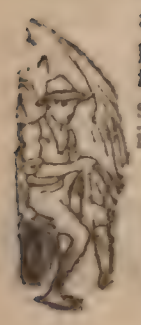
If by chance you should approach his wagon on the road you may think it unattended. There is no sign of any wagoner, and not until you come within earshot of his jovial voice, as he drawls out some song that accords well with the croaking of the wheels and the plodding hoofs of the team, do you realise that there is, hidden somewhere about the load, a man to look after it.

And talking of the croaking wheels, is there any sound more typical of the harvest field and the loaded wagon than this crok-crok-crok of the thick wooden wheels, with naves of the thickness of a well-grown elm and spokes like sturdy limbs? It is a sound that suggests the joy of the harvest expressed in heavy lumbering grunts of satisfaction.

And the cart itself is eloquent of fruitfulness, for its curves and fore and aft racks are built for heavy sheaves of grain and mountains of sweet hay.

The load swishes against the overtopping elms, leaving stray straws dangling from the branches, and brushes with a refreshing whisking sound past the thick hedges, shaking the ripest nuts from their sheaths. And all the while the wagoner sits, and sings, and swings his legs, until the yard is reached and work begins again in earnest.

M. BRUCE.



MY NOTEBOOK.

AM I FORTUNATE?

Introspection is not one of my many weaknesses, but I am induced to indulge in it for a moment on reading a letter which lies before me.

"You are one of the lucky ones," says this reader. "I am just like you in spirit, but circumstances have been all against my being it in fact. When I think of you the picture is a double; I fancy you in your office directing the destiny of THE MODERN MAN, with all the immense influence that it wields, and I think of you trotting along the green lanes of the country. In the one case you are the mental man; in the other, the physical. In either character I envy you."

MY OWN VIEW.

I do not mind admitting that I have had to fight for every comfort which I enjoy. Possibly I might congratulate myself upon having attained certain objects, but self-congratulation is an insipid sort of thing. If I stopped to indulge in it I should be wasting time and interfering with my chances of attaining certain other things upon which I have set my heart.

My reader considers that the mere fact that I control this paper is something to be cocky about, and also that the fact that I have a horse to ride is a fit matter for envy.

Let me assure him that he is in error.

As for feeling proud in the control of the paper, I do not think that this emotion is one that has ever occurred to me. I experience infinite pleasure undoubtedly in my editorial work, but the pleasure arises from the kind messages sent to me by my readers and from the knowledge that there is a good feeling towards me in the hearts of all of you.

"Directing the destiny" of the paper is the phrase he uses, and very probably he thinks of a man sitting at a desk, uttering curt orders and giving brief and boorish replies to any question that may be put to him.

That, I know, is what some men consider to be business pleasure, but I am not guilty of throwing my weight about, for to do so would be childish and useless. Swank of that kind is nothing but weakness.

LUXURIES AND NECESSITIES.

As for my private life, I regard such little luxuries as he mentions as part of my business expenditure. I suppose he imagines that I ride about the country as long as I have a mind to do so, and then come into town, open and deal with a few letters, and return home. I wonder if he will be surprised when I tell him that I generally get up at half-past five each morning, ride until seven, and catch a train to town at half-past. By half-past eight I am in the office, and not infrequently it is half-past eight, and sometimes midnight, when I leave it.

Working as I do, you require certain comforts and luxuries, or whatever you like to call them. You are producing a little more than usual, and you require to stoke up a little more than is customary.

I will not say that I have ever paused to think whether it is all worth while, for I have not done so.

I am not a fatalist, but I know that I have been made for work of this type, and I should neither be happy nor fit without an excess of it.

Before he or anyone else envies me I would invite him to consider not only the insignificant pleasures which I allow myself, but also the amount of sheer labour which I have to put in.

A TERRITORIAL SUGGESTION.

A London reader makes what I consider to be a very sensible suggestion.

"I have been trying very hard to get into a mounted corps in London," he writes, "but I find that they are all full up, and each has a long waiting list. Why do not the authorities establish a new Yeomany regiment in London? I feel certain that it would very soon be full."

Why not, indeed?

The reason, I suppose, is that Government matters are not run upon usual business lines. If I find that the supplies of this paper which I send to one district are insufficient for its needs, I very quickly dispatch fresh supplies; if I find that I am sending to another district more copies than are required, I cut down the supplies proportionately. That is business. The other thing is Government method.

We find in one part of the country mounted corps far under strength, while those in our large cities are not only full, but have long waiting lists. This is not a political paper, and we do not support one party more than another. Probably if the Conservatives were in power they would act just as foolishly, but the fact remains that the enthusiasm of our young men is being curbed and possibly killed by the antiquated methods and the lack of adaptability on the part of the War Office authorities.

I know, also, of cases where London men have offered their services to provincial units that are under strength. The applicants have offered to pay all travelling expenses, but in many cases they have been refused admission.

GETTING THE STUFF.

I do not know whether I am boring you by giving you particulars of my own business, but a man's business is the thing that he knows best and about which he is most likely to be interesting. If, however, I am giving you too much about it, put me up.

I have just returned from spending a week-end with one of the men who write for me, and it struck me even at the time that our method of securing the right stuff is a great deal different from that followed by other papers.

I am dictating these cursory notes, and as I do so I close my eyes and see once again myself and this particular writer walking up and down the sandy beach between half-past eleven and one night last Saturday.

The tide was rising, and from time to time in the midst of our earnest discussion we had to skip nimbly aside to avoid getting our feet wet.

The moon was up and shone coldly upon the water. The town itself was abed and the only sound was the throbbing of the pumps on board a half-wrecked vessel which was moored some five hundred yards from the shore, and from which a constant stream of water was issuing.

We tramped up and down that beach, discussing various plots for stories which will appear, and, though our method of conceiving ideas was perhaps unconventional, I think it was not very far wrong.

For my own part I find it difficult to conceive ideas worth anything while I am in the office with the telephone at my elbow and all the other nuisances of commercial life about me.

The ideas, such as they are, seem to come either when I am on a horse or when I am on the beside the dear old sea, the strong fascination of which for me it is beyond my power to analyse.

We walked up and down the beach discussing this and that till we had settled work for some weeks to come, and then we tramped back across the dry sand to the promenade, deserted and looking cold beneath its electric lights.

We had settled the points at issue while we were by the water's edge, and when we bade each other good night, I to betake myself to my hotel and he to his lodgings, our only thoughts were concerning a certain little sporting expedition which we contemplated for the following day, Sunday though it was. We were hard at business while we were at business, but that half-hour on the beach was sufficient to finish all we had to settle, although the whole purpose of my week-end had been that brief discussion.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

THE POPULAR MAN.

III. THE GOOD LISTENER.

Among the various accomplishments which go far towards making a man popular, that of being a good listener is one of the most rare, and at the same time one of the surest.

It is a course open to everyone, and by working on the right lines you can rapidly make yourself popular in this manner.

But you must work on the right lines, for to listen inattentively or unsympathetically is of no use to you or anyone else.

Hundreds of men can listen because they are too slack and lazy to talk intelligently, but such men are not good listeners. They have a perpetual look on their faces as if to say, "Have you finished?"

The really good listener is a man who has very wide sympathies. His act of listening is something more than a mere hearing of what is being said. He must, and does, fully enter into the spirit of the talk to which he is listening, whether he understands all that is being said or not.

Indeed, the man who is listening to something about a sport with which he has not a practical familiarity often proves the best listener, for he is following every word very closely, and his mind is actively at work forming mental pictures from the words he hears.

This close attention constitutes one of the principal qualifications of the really good listener. He establishes a silent but very strong bond between himself and his companion. Their minds are in tune.

To watch such a man is to realise the pitch of sympathy to which the art of listening can be brought. The talk becomes a conversation in which one party is silent, so far as actual physical evidence goes, though he is perhaps doing more to keep up the flow of talk than the other man who is doing all the talking.

His eyes, his attitude, his few gestures, his whole mental current, and his physical bearing are sufficiently eloquent of appreciation, inquiry, comment, dissent, or agreement to keep the other man busy expounding, excusing, defending, describing—taking on one or another aspect of the subject.

The listener is like the alluring bait to the fish. The talker feels that he must go on so long as there is this appreciative listener. And when the listener does break silence it is not with a commonplace "Oh, really"—most aggravating of interruptions—but it is with some flash of insight, or suggestive comment that discloses at once the closeness with which he has followed the story, or the argument, and also leads to further openings for the other man to continue.

Among sportsmen there is, as a rule, no lack of subjects on which conversation may be sustained. All sporting experiences are worth re-telling well. They are vivid glimpses of life from one of its pleasantest points of view, and the man who is able to infuse actuality into the telling of a fine run with hounds, or a keenly-fought game, or a day's shooting or walking is sure of listeners.

If we compare the relative popularity of the talker and the listener we shall usually find that the latter has the greater share. Not that this implies any disparagement of the talker, but there are usually a hundred talkers, and many of them good, to one good listener.

The listener is the man who knows most of what is going forward in any sporting circle. To him are carried all knotty points, all hotly-debated questions of speed or skill, and his judgment is tolerably sure to be accepted whenever it is sought. But the first secret of his undoubted popularity is the ready and sympathetic ear he lends to all who have anything to say that is worth telling.

No man is more appreciative, and even with the bore, whose floods of words and only words have nothing in them, he is outwardly gentle. He sacrifices none of his own convictions, but he has a keen sense of the right of others to hold theirs.

G. C. HAMILTON.

SPORTING STORIES

"Shooter sent his bag to the hospital."

"Kind of him. What did it contain?"

"One of the keepers."

* * *

TRAMP: "I once cycled myself, but I had to give it up."

CYCLIST: "Why?"

TRAMP: "The bike's owner was running behind, and a policeman had stretched a rope across the road in front."

* * *

"Has he got a fit?" asked the kind neighbour, as she observed the physical culturist doing his exercises in the garden.

"No," replied the P.C.'s mother. "Them's gymnastics."

"Try a mustard plaster on his chest," said the neighbour. "That's done my rheumatics a world of good, and they used to make me dance about near as bad as that."

* * *

Testimonial recently received by a cough lozenge company: "Before taking your lozenges I could scarcely speak; after taking one I could not speak at all. Please send me a dozen boxes for my mother-in-law."

* * *

"I'll fight the man who said I was a liar, if he weighs a ton."

"I'm the chap. Why don't you begin?"

"You don't weigh a ton."

* * *

When it's all over our hearts soften to the dentist who tells us that it was the worst tooth he ever pulled.

* * *

"That man holds more cups and medals than anyone else in town."

"Doesn't look much of an athlete."

"He isn't. He's the pawnbroker."

* * *

THE SQUIRE (visiting village school): "How can you tell a young partridge from an old one?"

LITTLE BOY: "By the teeth."

THE SQUIRE: "Stuff! Birds haven't teeth."

LITTLE BOY: "No, sir; but I have."

* * *

It was very naughty of three little boys in Oxford Street to point out a manhole cover to a country visitor as the entrance to the Twopenny Tube. But they were courteous enough to lift the lid for him and help him down.

* * *

This ad. appeared recently in a Wimbledon paper: "WANTED, 10,000 cockroaches and other insects by a tenant who agreed to leave his house the same as he took it."

The full address was given, and the landlord is still looking for a new tenant.

* * *

HE: "That's a fine horse of Miss Rider's. She says she's ridden it ever since she was a little girl."

SHE: "Yes. It's wonderful how long a horse will retain its activity."

* * *

"What! That stingy old maid gave you ten shillings for telling her fortune?"

"Yes. I said she would meet with an accident before she was twenty-three."

* * *

"Don't you call me a party. I was brought up respectable," exclaimed a lady who was seeking a separation order at the Walsingham Court while a local clergyman gave evidence.

THAMES RULES.

HINTS FOR THE LONDON SPORTSMAN.

This article is intended for the London sportsman only, for the enjoyment of the Thames as a recreation ground is denied to other readers, and its purpose is to make easy the path of the Metropolitan sporting enthusiast.

There are many thousands in London who would gladly avail themselves of the facilities for sport offered them by the greatest English waterway if they knew the conditions that govern its enjoyment. That there are many such conditions they know well, but, being ignorant of them in detail, they fear to transgress and therefore stand aloof.

One of the most fascinating aspects of sport offered by the Thames is night fishing. There is a fascination in the stillness and the silence of the waters when the last roysterer has sung himself into the distance, and when the tinkle of the final cab has lessened and lessened till it is lost where the highway stretches to the next village.

Night fishing is becoming more and more popular with those who live beside the river, but it is an experience well worth enjoying even for those who have to travel by train to experience it.

Fishing with night lines, or fixed lines as they are sometimes called, is forbidden, but fixed line fishing is not the sort of game that appeals to the best type of sportsman, for it is rather a means of filling the larder than of gratifying one's primeval instincts.

It is also worth while to remember that the law declares that no one angler shall use more than two rods at a time, and that neither must be left unattended, whether it is baited or not.

The strange fascination that fire has for fish is well known to most anglers, but consideration for the public safety has induced the authorities to prohibit all anglers from lighting fires on or near the tow-path.

There is nothing, however, to prevent you from using a bicycle lamp so placed that its light is thrown on the surface of the stream. This method is generally followed by those who fish at night on the banks of the Thames, and it answers its purpose wonderfully well.

I must here give a warning, lest some reader, influenced by this article, should decide to fold his tent and betake him to one of the sleepy villages that lie twenty to thirty miles up the banks of the river. Should there be such an one, I would caution him to select some town or village between Isleworth and Staines, for in that section alone is night angling permitted.

If he goes higher up the river, he will certainly secure greater solitude—if that be an attraction to him—but fishing by night will be denied to him.

Fishing from a house-boat, from a punt, or from any other vessel is forbidden after dark, a fact worthy of the novice's attention, for the rulers of the Thames can make things very hot for those who transgress their edicts.

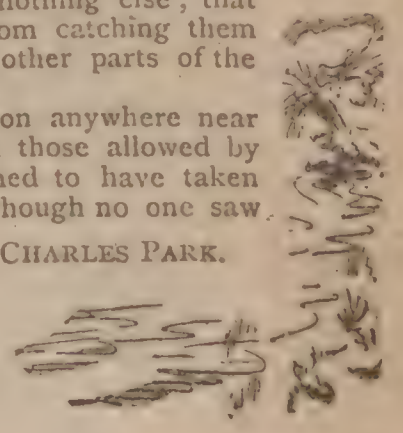
When fishing for pike, it is illegal to use any tackle that does not allow the undersized fish taken to be dislodged and thrown back into the water without serious injury.

So also there are stringent rules against the retaining, if not against the capture, of other undersized fish, and if you should catch one of these, it is your policy, as well as your duty, to throw it back into the water at once and not to wait until there is a pile of others in the well of the punt.

Roach, gudgeon, bleak, dace, and minnows may be caught for bait, but no person is allowed to have more than fifty such fish in his possession at one time. It is also laid down that they are to be used for Thames fishing and nothing else; that is to say, you are prohibited from catching them for sale as bait to anglers in other parts of the country.

If you have in your possession anywhere near the Thames fish smaller than those allowed by the regulations, you are deemed to have taken them from the Thames, even though no one saw you.

CHARLES PARK.



Conducted by F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

WEIGHT-LIFTING.

The world's strongest men all attribute their abnormal strength and huge muscular development to a system of graduated weight-lifting—that is, progressive movements with gradually increasing weights.

Sandow believes in light-weight exercises, but nearly all the Continental athletes train on the heavy-weight principle.

Weight-lifting can be used with advantage in conjunction with other sports—wrestling, for instance—but it has been truly observed that the best training for weight-lifting is simply—weight-lifting.

An argument frequently urged against weight-lifting is that it tends to make a man slow, or muscle-bound. But the testimony of such splendid athletes as Saxon and Hackenschmidt (the latter a marvellously agile and speedy wrestler) is proof enough to the contrary.

If plenty of skipping, cycling, and similar forms of exercise is indulged in the bugbear of slowness can quickly be overcome.

Weight-lifting should only be practised under expert tuition.

A course of light exercises is advisable before starting on heavy weight-lifting. The novice is easily discouraged, and overdoing it quickly brings about that unpleasant reaction known to all athletes as "going stale."

Before taking up weight-lifting seriously it is advisable to make sure that all organs are sound, particularly the heart—though in certain cases it is claimed that weight-lifting exercises can be so arranged as to strengthen that organ.

The risk of rupture, strain, and so on need not be feared if heavy weight-lifting is only practised after a course of two or three months with light weights.

Due regard should be paid to a scientific pose when raising, as weight-lifting "anyhow fashion" makes the muscular development uneven.

A LUNGING EXERCISE.

A splendid exercise for the whole body, which will do much to develop the neck, back, and chest, while giving at the same time a general suppleness and grace of movement, is the following:

A smart and vigorous exercise.

Stand erect with the feet together, and place the hands at the back of the head, so as to open out the chest as far as possible.

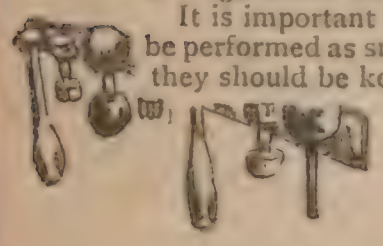
Throw the head back and continue to keep it in that position throughout.

Now lunge smartly forward with the right leg until you assume the position shown in the sketch. Pause a second and then bend forward from the waist until the body is forced down upon the right thigh.

Another pause, and then rise again to the position depicted, and lastly return to the starting position, first springing up to the perpendicular and then dropping the arms to the sides.

The exercise should then be repeated with the left leg advanced, and the process should be gone through about half a dozen times.

It is important that while each movement should be performed as smartly and vigorously as possible they should be kept absolutely distinct. A slight pause must be observed between each movement, just as a soldier pauses between the different motions of the manual exercise.



THE CARE OF THE TEETH.

A sound set of teeth is an invaluable asset—a thousand and one of the ills man is heir to arise from errors in digestion, set up in most cases from imperfect mastication of food.

Excessively hot foods and ice-cold drinks ruin the enamel of the teeth. Acids are equally to be avoided.

A timely visit to the dentist will often save a visit to the doctor later on. It is well to keep the natural teeth as long as possible, and the man who sacrifices a tooth every time he has an ache or pain in the region of the jaw lives to regret it by the time he is supplied with a full set of artificial teeth, be they never so natural looking and easy fitting.

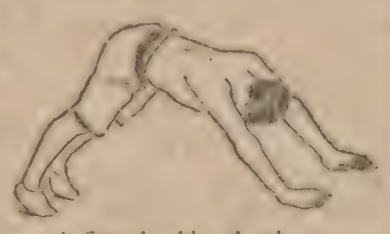
Strict cleanliness in washing out the mouth after each meal and brushing it with a moderately hard brush will do much to preserve the teeth. Above all, brush them well at night.

There are many good dentifrices, but powdered charcoal is hard to beat. Common salt is invaluable in removing stains, but should only be used occasionally. A few drops of Condy's Fluid in a glass of water makes a cheap and deodorising mouth-wash.

FOR THE ARMS, SHOULDERS, AND BACK.

The starting position is that shown in the sketch, with the hands placed on the floor and the body raised as far from it as possible, the head being sunk between the arms.

Now bend the arms slowly until the face is within an inch or so of the floor, between the hands. The legs must still be unbent at the knee.



A fine shoulder developer.

Then by a sort of diving motion raise the head and shoulders, straightening the arms, but bringing them up perpendicular to the floor.

In order to do this, the centre of the body must, of course, be allowed to sink until the back is hollowed and the whole body forms a concave instead of a convex curve. The head must be thrown well back and the chin raised as far as possible.

After a slight pause reverse the process and return to the starting position.

The exercise may be repeated until the arms and shoulders begin to ache, as they will begin to do before the movements have been gone through very many times, for the strain on them is considerable.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF COLD WATER.

The man who said he had forgotten the name of a certain liquid, but it was "the nasty stuff you clean your teeth with," was a stranger evidently to the virtues of that splendid thirst-quencher, cold water.

A draught of pure spring water is not only cooling and refreshing, but it flushes the kidneys and tones up the nervous system. Moreover, it never yet hurt anyone.

It is not advisable, however, to drink ice-water when the body is in a very heated state, for fear of a sudden check to perspiration, in which case a trifling, but none the less irritating, eruption in the shape of spots on the face is liable to ensue.

Neither should cold water be gulped down, but warmed slowly mouthful by mouthful before being swallowed.

Cold baths, cold douches, compresses, and so on are all invaluable. Sprains and whitlows often yield to cold water bandages when hot water has failed to afford relief.

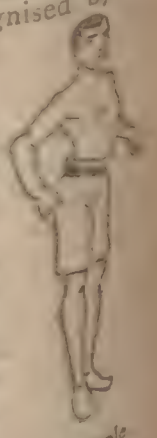
Cold baths are both strengthening and invigorating, but those of weakly constitution, or with feeble heart action, should not indulge in them if a warm glow does not quickly follow the "dip," or a shivering feeling continues, which the brisk rub-down does not dissipate.

In such cases the cold bath should be given up. It is doing no good, but positive harm.

A BREATHING EXERCISE.

I referred last week to the value of breathing, which is generally recognised by all famous athletes and exponents of physical culture.

I now give an exercise which, simple as it is, will be of the utmost value to all who are in training for any form of sport or athletic contest—and also to all who are not.



A simple lung-opener.

I should recommend you to carry it out in the open air if possible, for it is by no means necessary that you should be even half stripped, or at least to stand before an open window and not in the stale air of your bedroom.

Stand erect with the hands at the sides. Now draw the arms back as shown in the sketch, so as to open out the chest fully. Slowly take a deep breath, filling the lungs to their fullest extent and at the same time drawing in the abdomen.

Hold the breath for ten seconds or so, and then exhale and drop the arms to the sides.

Having done this two or three times, repeat the process with the arms extended above the head and forced well backwards.

A few minutes spent in performing this simple exercise in the early morning will have an excellent effect in freshening you up and getting the lungs in working order.

Strength by Mail

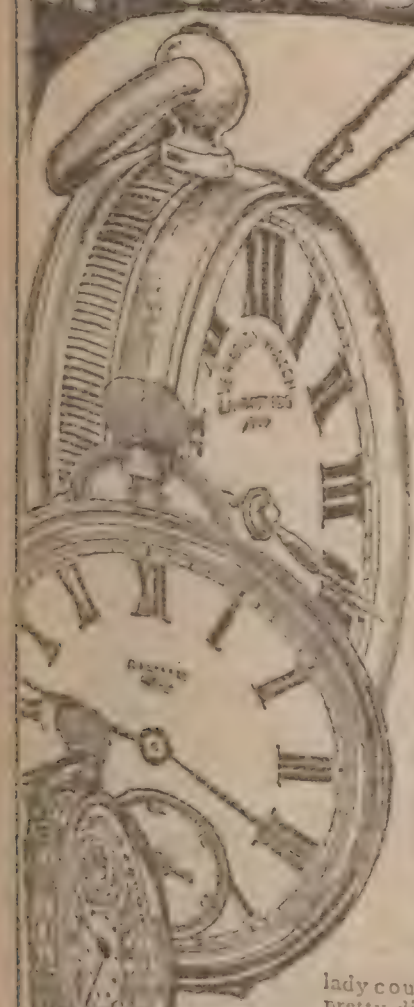
IF YOU would enjoy perfect health with the grand and glorious strength and development of the trained athlete write for my terms. To the man whom business compels to lead a sedentary life my system of Home Training will bring health and strength and make "strong in work and keen in play." Improved health and increased energy demands and receives an equivalent in every-day business life which insures a return of my fee one hundred times over.

A Course of my Exercises will prove the most profitable investment you ever made.

I undertake to cure every disease and physical defect under guarantee. Recommended by C. B. Fry, Eustace Miles, Premier Athlete, whose system is explained to his pupils. A Post Card will bring you terms and free book "Health at Home," illustrated, interesting and instructive. Don't be dangerous. DO IT NOW.

T. INCH, Physical Culture Expert,
Dept. MM., The Broadway, Fulham, London.

HAVE YOU A GOOD 2/6 FIRST PAYMENT.



To enable any reader of this paper to own a reliable Watch MASTERS, LTD., will supply their world-famed 30/- Veracity Watch, fitted with Lever Movement, White Dial, Dust-proof Cap (Keywind or Keyless), Solid Silver Extra Heavy Cases, for 27/- cash or 30/- Easy Terms. Send 2/6 now, and 30/- Watch is sent to you, pay 2/6 on delivery and 2/6 monthly, and you have the Watch to wear while paying for it. Seven years' signed warranty free with each Watch. Remember, with a Masters' Veracity Watch you have "perfection in time-keeping," not gaining, losing, or stopping, but 20 years' true timekeeping.

Send 2/6 and have 30/- Lever Watch now.

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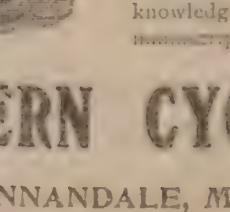

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We engrave any initial FREE OF CHARGE. The Initial Rings are Solid Gold Government Hall Marked, and beautifully finished, for Ladies and Gents, price 8/6 cash, with any initial engraved free; or send 1/- with size, pay 2/6 when you receive the ring, and 3/- monthly for 2 months. Rings 8/6 to £20. Easy Terms. Illustrated Ring Booklet, 243 designs, FREE.

Masters' Lady's 35/- Real Gold Keyless Watch

This charming Lady's Watch is a TRUE Time-keeper, and as serviceable a Gold Watch as any lady could wish to possess. Jewelled movement, keyless action, pretty dial, Solid Gold Cases beautifully engraved. Price 31/6 cash, or 35/- Easy Terms. Send 2/6 and keyless GOLD WATCH will be sent you, pay 2/6 on receipt and balance 2/6 monthly. You have Gold Watch to wear while paying for it. Seven years' warranty. Gent's Gold Watch, £5. Send 10/-, &c. Catalogue Free.

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Several hundred years ago the first encyclopædia was produced. Its compiler was a Dominican friar, Vincent de Beauvais, who condensed all the knowledge of his day into three manuscript volumes.

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FOR EVERY READER OF "MODERN MAN."

READ THIS advertisement carefully, and if you decide to test the benefits to be derived from the use of **SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELLS**, fill in the Order Form below with your name and address.

This done, return to us, and we will dispatch, post paid to your door, the Dumb-Bells you have selected. Use them *free of charge* for seven days, and at the end of this time, should you decide upon keeping same, forward a Postal Order for **2/6** as your first payment, and the Balance we shall be pleased to accept in monthly payments of **2/6** each.

If you decide not to keep the Dumb-Bells, return them to our address, and *no charge whatsoever will be made.*

With every pair we also send a Booklet of Exercises, showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, also a Chart showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, together with hints on how, when or where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information.

This Chart contains One Month's Initiatory Course of Exercises, suitable for the average man or youth, and it has been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of the Grip Dumb-Bells.

HOW TO BE HEALTHY AND STRONG.

Everybody has the opportunity of proving the truth of the claim we make for the Grip Dumb-Bells. No references or other formalities are necessary—we trust you. We don't wish to labour the point, fill in the form below and try them for yourself for 7 days free of all cost.

The surest and quickest way to health and strength is systematic exercise, and the ideal exercise is obtained by regular use of Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells. They give every muscle and organ of the body that exercise which nature *demands*, because, if perfect health and strength are to be acquired, exercise is as necessary as food.

Although such splendid results are derived from the use of the Bells, the exercises only take about fifteen minutes to perform, but they contain all the beneficial movements of a day's outdoor exercise.

Why exercise with the Bells has a remedial as well as a strengthening effect is easily explained. If the muscles are not in a strong, healthy condition the various functions of the body cannot be performed in a proper manner, and such common complaints as Indigestion and Constipation are caused by the stomach muscles being in a weak and unhealthy condition. When these muscles are strengthened by proper exercise, stomach troubles are relieved.

Liver complaints are impossible when that organ has been invigorated by the Dumb-Bell exercises, and is able to carry out its duties in a proper manner.

The great benefit which the nervous system receives from the strengthening of the muscles relieves such nervous troubles as Insomnia, Debility, and Nervous Headaches.

Some may ask, "Is it really possible for naturally delicate people to gain health and strength by using the Grip Dumb-Bells?"

We answer, "Yes, it is possible; in fact, it has been done in innumerable cases," and we are prepared to prove our assertion. The Bells have brought health and strength to thousands, and they can do the same for you.

The springs being removable, the Dumb-Bells can be adjusted to suit the weakest invalid or the strongest athlete. Nickel-plated, packed in handsome box, with polishing cloth. One pair will last a lifetime.

Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bell Co., Room 39, Sandow Hall, Burleigh Street, Strand. Date.....190

Gentlemen,—Please send me by return, post free, one pair* of your

Gentlemen's Spring Grip Dumb-Bells at ... ... **12s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 18 and upwards.

Youths' ... ... **10s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 14 to 18.

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Suitable for age 16 and upwards.

This order is given on condition that after seven days' *Free Trial*, should I decide not to keep the Dumb-Bells, I MAY RETURN THEM DIRECT TO THE ABOVE ADDRESS and NO CHARGE WHATEVER WILL BE MADE.

Signed.....

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* Please cross out sizes not required. .....

PARTRIDGES AND PLEASURE.

A SPORTING IMPRESSION.

Of all kinds of shooting, and indeed of all kinds of sport, partridge shooting has always appealed to men with a very peculiar strength. There is nothing quite like it in all the wide range of British sport, and few men, surely, who have ever tramped the land in autumn days after partridges, have gone home in the evening without a feeling of having seen further into the real life of the country than they had ever seen before.

For it is the chief pleasure, as it is also the first necessity, of partridge shooting, that a man must be all the time very close to the earth. He cannot wait for others to bring the birds to his gun. He does not take his seat behind a butt and raise his gun mechanically. This sport has in it so much of the ancient spirit of all sport, since a man must go out and seek his birds.

Moreover, the diligent seeker after partridges is not always the man who finds them. To the mere act of search must be added innumerable other quantities of observation, knowledge, field-craft, and good marksmanship, all of which, when found in a man, proclaim him the ideal sportsman.

In partridge shooting the simple element of one creature pitted against another is uppermost. There are no secondary aids to success.

The birds have their chance. They have had no artificial pampering, but have fared for themselves all the year round.

Not a little of the pleasure of partridge-shooting comes from the conditions in which the sport is usually carried on. Even the hardy townsman who is a keen business man all the year round, and who has no sentiment about the pleasures of country life, comes under the spell of the land in September and October.

Hard-headed though he may be, yet he will take good care that he makes careful plans to visit his farming friends for a fortnight during early autumn.

And the first morning on which he starts out with his friends, he feels that it is very good to be alive, and that there are just one or two things besides his business that are worth living for.

The sun is well up. He has slept well and breakfasted well, and leisurely; but betimes, with his farmer host and three or four other guns, chiefly young men from the surrounding farms, he sets out to make a round of the acres.

The party strikes off towards the remote end of the farm lands, keeping well abreast and silently enjoying this new-found glorious sensation of roaming the fields in the quiet sunlight.

The sight of a covey sailing serenely down into the farmer's lands in the distance from a neighbour's territory, raises expectation to a high pitch, and while the spot is being marked and general conversation is awakened by this prospect of later sport, the little company is almost startled by a strong covey that rises almost beneath its feet.

Since they are for the moment off guard, only three birds failed to rise in a fine swerve to the top of the hedge and go "cluttering" away in a hurry, coming down with a graceful sweep four fields off.

The lesson is not lost, however, and henceforth the party keeps its collective mind fixed on the birds.

Now moving cautiously along a sheltering hedge, now passing briskly over the open stubbles that scratch and scrape against the boots and leggings with a delicious crackle, the little company of sportsmen finds ample opportunity for exercise and sport.

And later, as the sun begins to fall, and throws long shadows of the elm trees across the fields, now falling to sleep in a marvellous stillness, the sportsmen wend their way slowly homeward. When they reach the farmyard gate, the last cartridge is taken from the guns, and as they count the bag there comes from far up on the higher ground, where still the gold of sunset lingers, the strange and penetrating call of the birds that are left—"peeritz, peeritz"—as they gather again in the open fields to pass the night in peace.

F. WILLOUGHBY.

THE MODERN MAN Territorial Mufti Suit.

SPECIAL OFFER TO OUR READERS.

The Editor of THE MODERN MAN, in conjunction with Captain L. H. Saunders, has designed something new in the matter of lounge suits.

It is an ordinary lounge suit, cut in the most fashionable style, but with a few slight additions that will serve to remind the Territorial of his regiment even when he is in mufti.

The Editor has secured the co-operation of Messrs. J. and H. Ellis, the well-known tailors, and, in consideration of the publicity that will be given to their firm in connection with this matter, has arranged with them to supply the suit for

10s. LESS THAN ORDINARY PRICES.

In all respects the suit is equal to that which Messrs. Ellis are advertising on another page for 50s. The price to readers of THE MODERN MAN for this special suit, however, is only 40s.

FEATURES OF THE SUIT.

(1) The jacket is cut well into the waist to show the figure.

(2) The gauntlet cuffs come to a slight point, after the military style.

(3) There are on either breast expanding pockets, again in the tunic style. These, however, may be dispensed with if not desired by the reader.

(4) The trousers are cut in a special fashion. Though tight, they are loose enough to show the figure and development of the leg. They are cut in civilian fashion as regards the bottom, but are made with the military strap, and are provided with the fashionable turn-up.

(5) The suit is made in blue serge or tweed, to the wearer's taste.

(6) A vest of the same material or a fancy vest is supplied to order, as the reader's taste may dictate, free of charge.

(7) The suit is finished with sleeves ending at the wrist, with three buttons, which may be worn undone or fastened as the wearer desires. This suit is supplied only to readers of THE MODERN MAN. The cut and style is that which Messrs. J. and H. Ellis, who have had the honour of making suits for H.M. the King, is sufficient guarantee as to its style and finish.

Self-measurement Forms and Patterns will be sent to Provincial readers, and a Perfect Fit is Guaranteed to them. London readers should call and inspect the various samples of cloth in the piece at the MESSRS. ELLIS' SHOWROOMS,

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(CLOSE TO LUDGATE CIRCUS).

To which address application for free patterns should also be made.

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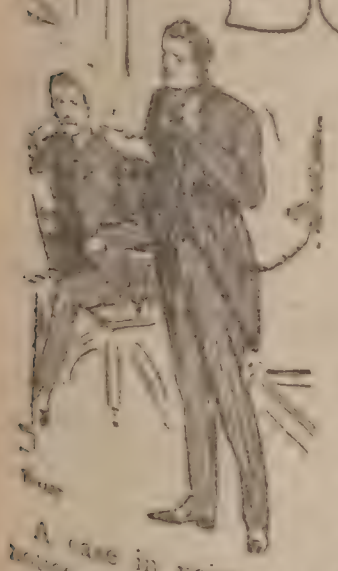

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

MILD DECEPTIONS.

I am no believer in fraudulent dealings, but there are certain mild deceptions which are scarcely worth calling reprehensible and which undoubtedly help one in commerce.

A case in point was recently brought to my notice.

As I was passing a restaurant an old man of the farmer type went in. He was carrying a basket on his arm, his face was red and his whiskers white, and he was wearing an immense jacket and leggings of a bucolic pattern. He was a farmer to the life, one of the good old school, but the basket showed that he was not visiting London on holiday. Idle curiosity made me wonder what dealings he could have with the restaurant proprietor, for he seemed such a simple old man as to be quite out of place in the commercial life of the City.

I followed him inside and bought myself a drink in order that I might listen to his transactions with the owner of the place.

To my great surprise I discovered that the countryman had all his wits about him and a little over. He was selling chickens and ducklings, eggs and butter, and the prices he was charging were considerably in excess of the prices in general vogue at the moment.

When he had taken himself and his basket outside, having left a very fair part of its contents on the counter, I asked the proprietor for a little information about him.

"He's supplied us with farm produce for some time," said the restaurant-keeper, "and I am very well satisfied. It is true that his prices are more than I have to pay at the market, but, on the other hand, his quality cannot be beaten, and quality in these days has got to be paid for. He brings the poultry and other things direct from his farm every day."

I asked him where the farm was situated, but he could not tell me.

"I forget the name of the place," he said, "but I could find out if you particularly want to know. The chief thing, so far as I am concerned, is that he supplies country stuff of a much superior quality to the average tradesman."

"But, after all," I said, "all that sort of thing is country produce, and, even if you buy it in the town, you can depend upon its being fresh, provided you pay a sufficient price, and I do not imagine you would have to pay more than you paid him just now."

"It may be that you are right," he replied, "but, even apart from the stuff, it seems a healthy sign for this old clod-hopper to bring things into the place. The customers see that we are buying direct from the producers, and they appreciate it."

Our conversation in regard to the old yokel took place some considerable time ago, and it was only the other evening that it was brought back to my memory by a conversation which I had with a man who is in a large way of business in Smithfield Market. The conversation drifted round to a discussion on matters of dress and the value, or otherwise, accruing from them in business.

He mentioned as a very exceptional case that of an old countryman, a typical Hodge, who came down to the market and bought a stock of ducks and other things, which he deposited in a capacious basket. My friend said that the idea was a novelty, and that it might with advantage be practised by other hawkers of similar goods.

A few comparisons soon showed me that the countryman I had seen in the restaurant was none other than the hawker who went daily to Smithfield Market for his supplies.

My friend knows him well, and tells me that there is very little deception about him.

He is simply a shrewd old cottager who has seen the value of rustic associations when introduced to townsmen under suitable conditions. He dresses just as he used to dress in the country, and if people like to think that he has just come up from the country that, I suppose, is their look-out; as a matter of fact, he has not visited his native parish for many years.

ADVERTISING.

A reader who runs a small confectionery shop in Manchester asks me how he can spend £5 to the best advantage in the way of advertising.

"I am not making very much profit," he says, "but the shop brings me a living and a little over. I want to use the money which I do not need as a means of increasing my turnover."

I think his plan is a very wise one — many businesses are swamped by reckless advertising, and to work on these cautious lines, spending in advertising the money which is not required otherwise, is a very judicious system for the small tradesman.

Five pounds will not go very far, however, and therefore great care is needed in spending it rightly.

A tradesman might with this sum purchase space in one of his local papers. The size of his advertisement would, of course, vary according to the circulation guaranteed. But £5 is not much to spend in newspaper advertising, and the display and publicity obtained from it is by no means great.

I should therefore advise the small tradesman with £5 to spend to leave the newspapers alone in the meantime and to work on different lines, which will, I think, be more satisfactory to him in every way.

If I were in this correspondent's place I should spend twenty shillings in having some attractive posters printed. They should be about the size of an ordinary newspaper contents bill and should preferably be of a striking colour, bright yellow by choice, as that stands out better than any other.

The wording of the posters is a matter on which, I fear, I cannot give him very much advice, for it must be left to his talent to devise something that will arouse public interest and curiosity when the placards are fixed upon the window of his shop.

Let us say that he has six different posters printed—a number sufficient to cover one week. I should advise him to have very few words on each, and to have them so planned that the interest runs on from day to day. The first one might, for example, have only the words, "Just wait"; the second might be inscribed, "Manchester shall see," and so on it might go till finally there comes the announcement that "Blank's celebrated nut chocolate will in future be sold at a halfpenny a bar instead of a penny."

I do not advise any sensational reduction in price, for that cuts the profits enormously, but you must have some justification for the shouting you have been making on your window.

I do not say that this little poster campaign will sell the confectioner many more bars of nut chocolate than he used to sell, but it will have drawn attention to the fact that he is in business at that spot, and people in the vicinity who happen to be wanting confectionery will patronise him.

He must also back up the posters by having his window dressed in the most attractive manner. When people gather round about the window they will look at more than the poster. If, therefore, there is something attractive for their eyes to light upon, they will be tempted to go inside and get it.

I have devoted only one sovereign to poster printing. We therefore have four left.

I should spend them in hiring sandwich-men to perambulate the streets.

A sandwich-man costs you half a crown a day in most places, and for £4 you could therefore have thirty-two men for one day. Have all their boards the same on one side and different on the other, and get them to walk along with not more than six feet between them.

It is a waste of time and money if you send your men round a district from which you cannot hope to draw custom; and it is therefore best to stick to your own district and to the more populous parts of the city.

There are, however, certain shops where a sandwich-man compaign would be of no use at all. The little shop in a working-class neighbourhood, dependent wholly on immediate local support, would not be benefited by this form of advertising, although it would undoubtedly profit by the window display I have described.

In a shop of this description I should advise the tradesman to practise different tactics.

The best general scheme upon which he could work is that of making his shop window a centre of interest. In his various trade papers he will find announcements of what are called window attractions—various mechanical devices calculated to catch the eye. It is often possible to buy such things second-hand by advertising for them, for when a tradesman has used a window attraction for a week or two its utility, so far as his business is concerned, is finished.

The various mechanical devices designed for this purpose are particularly useful to a confectioner, as his customers are for the most part children, who, more than any others, will stand and stare at anything new.

In the matter of advertising a small business there is infinite scope for individual genius, and the shopkeeper should endeavour to make up for the smallness of his expenditure by the cleverness of his advertising. In this field more than any other it is the clever ads. that score, rather than the expensive.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand

SAVES A YEAR'S STUDY.

Learned in Twelve Easy Lessons.

Highest Speed in Shortest Time.

Send postcard to-day for Illustrated Handbook.

Shorthand Association, Grosvenor Road, London, N.

Oatine

Even the keenest razor often irritates the skin. Apply OATINE after shaving—it stops the burning and soothes the skin.

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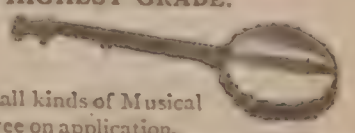

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Richard Selby: Englishman

By ADAM STERN.

EACH OF THESE STORIES IS COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

XXIX.

A CONTRAST IN STYLE.

"That's confoundedly awkward!" exclaimed Richard, laying down the letter he had just opened.

"What is?" asked Graill, looking across from his desk.

"That London firm we gave the order for the six number three machines to are in financial difficulties. They say the machines are half made but they can't complete them unless we help them out. Coming at the present time, when ourselves as well as everybody else are feeling financial cramp, it won't be easy.

"Damn!" he added thoughtfully, drumming his fingers on the arm of his chair.

"How much do they want?" inquired his secretary.

"Two-thirds. The machines at four-eighty a-piece, that means about a couple of thousand pounds. We're wanting them, too. We can't afford to wait while somebody else makes them."

He leaned back in his chair, tapping his teeth with his pen.

"There is this to be considered," he went on; "if I do what they ask, and the amount doesn't prove enough to tide them over, or if they use it for any other purpose than the turning out of our machines, I may get neither the machines nor the money back."

"I don't see how you can do what they ask, as things are," put in Graill. "It's in circumstances like this that you feel the need of capital. There certainly isn't anything like that amount in the bank."

He walked across to the safe and opened a drawer.

"What are you looking for?" asked Richard.

"The pass-book."

"You needn't. I know the figure there—twelve hundred at the outside. As for your opinion that I need capital, I differ absolutely. Whatever money I made I shouldn't store it in the bank. To make money you must circulate money. That's why I've had this other shop built and am sinking three thousand pounds in new machinery. Sinking! It isn't sinking, it's investing. And the rate of interest rests with me. If it's in the bank somebody else is making money with *my* money.

"Which reminds me," continued Richard, "that I can't understand the dependent spirit of most fellows. Now, I don't pay a man three pounds a week, for instance, unless he is worth more than that sum to me. Well, if he only looked at it in the light that as a servant he is bound to be paid less than his value he would set about getting on his own in some way or another, and pay himself *all* that he's worth."

"There must be servants," observed Graill, with a half smile.

"You mean, there always will be. That's right enough. But lots of them would be masters if they looked upon their powers as capital to be invested to best advantage in themselves. We've all got power of some kind, but the clever people buy it when you let them."

"As you've done," hinted Graill, slily.

"That's it," agreed Richard, whose sense of humour was nil when he was in earnest. "But then," he added, "I've been lucky."

"Rot!" exclaimed Graill. "Your success is no more due to good luck than another man's failure is due to bad. You've got grit and a cool head, and not enough imagination to see dangers coming. That's why you come off. Which means that you're a devilish dull fellow intellectually."

"Perhaps you'll conclude your rhapsody in silence," interrupted Richard, "while I open the rest of these letters. Or, better still, as you seem to consider the precious gift of intellect your own, you might set it to work to find out how I'm to find the two thousand pounds for those machines. It's got to be done without touching the twelve hundred, because I want that for the iron that's just come in, wages, and a hundred other things."

"D'you mean it?" asked Graill, eagerly. "D'you mean that you'll let me tackle this difficulty and show you what *I* can do?"

Richard lit up his pipe, and there was amusement in the eyes behind the match.

"Been taking those remarks about servants to yourself?" he queried. "I thought as much. As a matter of fact, I meant you to. You've been overloaded with content lately, Graill, my boy." A sting had crept into the pleasantry of his tone. "What I want is to feel that I've got to extend myself to keep level with the brains of those about me."

He swung round to his desk and took up a paper-knife.

Graill waited a moment to see whether Richard had anything else to say; then he spoke again.

"The two thousand must be found, and at once," he said slowly, stating the problem to himself. "I don't see ——"

He glanced at Richard's impassive face, itself a silent condemnation of his uncertainty.

"You wouldn't get an overdraft from the bank, I suppose?" he suggested.

"No," said Richard.

"Well, the best thing I can do is to go to London and find out exactly what condition the machines are in; I should think I can then discover, perhaps, whether the firm's in danger of becoming insolvent or whether their difficulties are only temporary."

Richard was absorbedly perusing another letter.

"That's what I'll do," said Graill, with sudden decision. "I'll go this morning."

He took down a time-table from the wall and looked up the trains.

"I sha'n't be able to get back to-day," he added. "Will that matter?"

"Not a bit," returned Richard, still busily employed.

As Graill was departing an hour or so later, he paused at the door and looked back at Richard, who had a bulky ledger on his desk, and was entering some figures on a long slip of paper. He got no answering look of inquiry, so the several suggestions that had lately occurred to his mind went undiscussed.

II.

The following afternoon Graill returned from London, and was rather disappointed to find that Richard was away.

"He's gone to Glasgow," one of the clerks informed him. "He said if you came back to-day he'd like you to send your report to him at the Central Station Hotel."

"D'you know what he's gone up for?" inquired Graill.

"No; he didn't say."

"When did he go?"

"Last night."

"M—m! Very well. I'll write to him."

Proceeding to his office, Graill sat down at his typewriter and rattled away for some time.

"Dear Sir (he wrote, strictly formal as usual where business was concerned),

"I duly saw Mr. Cannen, and had a long interview with him *re* the machines. The difficulty, it appears, that his works do not make the boilers for the machines, but that he has to buy them from a local manufacturer. Barring this the machines are complete.

"Mr. Cannen, I have ascertained, has the reputation of a trustworthy man, but it appears that he is tight for money, and consequently cannot secure the boilers except by paying cash.

"The net price of each is £225; he states that money is required for the fitting up, testing, and delivery of the machines.

"Mr. Cannen spoke of his first interview with you when he told you frankly that he was working in a small way, and rather doubted his ability to handle your business. He says you told him that was exactly the reason why you gave him your support—that you believed in encouraging enterprise and so on, and that if he treated you squarely you would stand by him.

"I explained that such a substantial advance as he had mentioned was inconvenient for you at the present time, and made the following alternative proposals, subject, of course, to confirmation by you:

"That you guarantee his debt to the boiler manufacturers,—or

"That we take two machines a month for three months, advancing Cannen six hundred pounds each month, which no doubt we could recover—or:

"That we buy the boilers from the makers ourselves, taking three months' credit. I have spoken to the makers, and they would agree to this. We should, however, lose the 2½ per cent. discount for cash.

"When shall you be back? If not to-morrow please wire which of these alternatives will suit you best."

Graill read his letter over and was pleased with it. It was both modest and businesslike, he thought, and he hoped it would please Richard similarly.

By ten o'clock next morning he had received a telegram from Richard, reading:

"Wire Cannen, will give decision on Friday. Post particulars of what has turned up to-day. Imperial Hotel, Liverpool."

"What the deuce has he gone to Liverpool for?" wondered Graill. To-day was Wednesday. He knew no business reasons demanding Richard's presence either in Glasgow or Liverpool, when the next day he received another wire giving an address of an hotel in London, he began to suspect other motives than commercial.

"That's his weakness," he said to himself, with a mixture of concern and gratification. "An inevitable woman!"

Past experience had taught Graill to look on feminine influence as a snare, and indeed experience justified it. He had been deceived in a woman once, just at the time when youth is verging into manhood—not long, but with the rawness sensitive to the slightest touch. Jim Graill still bore the scar of it, and because of his attachment to Richard, he did not want to see him wounded in the same way.

He understood one side of Richard's character pretty well, better maybe than any other man knew him, but he knew that underlying the calmness, his indomitability, and what was unnatural, there lived deep and steadfast emotion and feeling, according to Graill's philosophy, was the chink in the armour which Fate thrust its sword.

A further telegraphic message arrived during the day. It came from Bristol, and said: "Meet Cannen to-night and ask him to come to me to-morrow. I will meet him at the office at 10 o'clock."

"Bristol!" exclaimed Graill. "What the Dickens—"

Then he gave it up. The best thing, he thought, was to obey instructions and wait patiently for explanation of this nomadic behaviour, so unused to eccentricity from Richard.

At the hour fixed for the appointment the familiar figure entered the office.

"Well, Cannen," said Richard, shaking hands with the short and wiry man who rose

him. "I thought I'd better get you over so as to get the matter clearly understood. I'm not much of a believer in correspondence, as you know. Hullo, Graill! Sorry I've not had the chance to write you. I've been on the rush ever since you went.

"Now, look here," he continued, addressing the visitor, "have you got any objection to telling me how you'll stand when you've delivered these machines—as regards the future, I mean. You hold a good many of my patterns, and I want you to go on holding them. There's never any good in changing when the work is turned out to such satisfaction as yours."

"I'm glad to hear you say so," said Cannen with a pleased expression. "No, I'm not going under, if that's what you want to know. I've been hard pressed just lately, but a business man has got to expect that now and then. Once these machines are through and I've got the money for them I hope to go along swimmingly."

"Righto," said Richard, seating himself at his desk, and drawing a cheque book from his pocket. "Here's the two thousand, then. Get them through as quick as possible. I've got orders that can't be touched till they come. In future I'll let you have one-third with order, another third on completion, and the balance after delivery; then you'll be saved trouble and so shall I."

Cannen folded up the cheque and placed it in his pocket-book in silence.

"I don't quite understand it," he said at length, "but you seem to have been doing your best to make things smooth for me. I'm—I'm very much obliged to you, Mr. Selby," he said, and looked round with the effort to find more suitable words, "very much obliged to you, that I am!"

"It's to convenience me just as much as you," said Richard, to put him at his ease. "I want the machines, that's all, and it doesn't suit me to have anything that's not as it should be. So long! I'll be finding some more work for you soon, I expect."

Cannen gone, Richard turned briskly to Graill. "Your alternatives were first-rate," he said, "providing that we had no other resources. It occurred to me after you'd gone that in case you couldn't manage to fix things up satisfactorily I'd better have something to fall back upon."

"Go on," urged Graill, curiously. "I see you've got the two thousand from somewhere, but by what brilliant scheme I can't guess."

"Brilliant scheme!" Richard burst out laughing. Then he clapped Graill affectionately on the shoulder.

"I bet's the worst of you clever chaps," he said, "you always miss the obvious."

"Well, what was the obvious?" asked Graill, rather nettled.

"Collecting overdue accounts," replied Richard. "Now, don't look savage, old man! It's cases like this that wake us all up. I've been wanting the excuse to put in the time looking up the customers who think I'm in business for philanthropic purposes."

He ticked the names off on his fingers.

"Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, and a score of towns close by, London, Bristol—I've done the lot, with the result that I got more than I expected."

"Well, I don't know how you managed it," admitted Graill. "I've been bombarding those who were behind with all sorts of threats for I don't know how long. What did you do—hold a pistol to their heads?"

"No. Told practically the same tale to each one."

Richard was smiling, and so evidently entertained by Graill's discomfiture that at last the latter mirrored itself on the face of his friend.

"And the tale was?"

"That I had two thousand pounds to collect for a special emergency within forty-eight hours, and that I knew he, the particular customer, was the very one to do his best for me. The beauty of it was that not one of them believed me, but only looked upon it as a trick to squeeze something out of him. But the personal loan hint did it.

"Anyhow," he went on, the smile dying away and his customary business alertness taking its place, "I picked up a few orders, and also discovered one or two customers that we must strike off the books. Here's the list.

"And, by the way, the chief reason why I was so anxious to simplify matters for Cannen is that he's like us—young, and making a fight of it."

"It seems to me," laughed Graill, admiration having fully restored his good temper, "that, after all, there's much virtue in simplicity."

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

BORES.

SOME REMARKS ON THE VARIOUS SPECIES.

A bore is a person with a "bee in his bonnet," or, to mix one's metaphors, an individual who rides a hobby to death. Anyway, the chief characteristic of the bore is that he assumes that you have an interest in a subject or topic, to which you are completely indifferent, and he bores you to extinction by forcing you to listen to interminable discourses on matters which are of no earthly moment to you.

There are many kinds of bores, though all have the characteristic already mentioned.

Probably you have met the "fond parent" of a bore. He (though "he" is more often a "she") is convinced that the world centres around his offspring, that you are thirsting to hear all about their latest achievements, and that it will fill your soul with joy to learn what Jackie said to the policeman, or Evelina's views on the Lord Mayor's Show. The only way to deal with this type of bore is to start talking, or, rather, shouting, about your own children, who, of course, are quite different from other children, and a subject of legitimate interest.

Then there is the sickly bore; I mean the nuisance who is always talking about his more or less imaginary ailments, and expects you to be vitally interested in the alleged fact that he has got conjunctions of protoplasmic oblongata, or something like that.

You know the sort of man I mean. He has always got something the matter with him—what the doctor said, what the other doctor didn't say, why the nurse ought to be boiled alive, why he must not eat this, or must eat that, and so on, and so on, you begin to think, for ever.

The only way to deal with him is to tell him (though he won't listen) about that really interesting illness you had on such and such an occasion. Indeed, the infallible recipe for settling bores is to pay them back in their own coin, unless you are prepared to adopt the heroic measures of the famous statesman—Beaconsfield, was it not?—who, finding himself firmly "buttonholed" by a most persistent bore, quietly pulled out a penknife, severed the lapel of his coat, and slipped away, leaving the bore holding the fragment of cloth, and talking, talking, talking.

Mention of Lord Beaconsfield suggests the political bore. I don't mean the House of Commons or platform bore, who sends his listeners to sleep, but the ill-mannered person who introduces politics at purely social gatherings. A terrible person this, and indeed the man who brings politics, religion, or any controversial subject to the dinner-table is not only a bore but a bounder.

You know him; he fixes you with his eye while you are trying to fix the oyster in the sauce, and, without apology or excuse, he thunders or drones forth a Niagara of his extreme and (as it may be to you) highly offensive opinions.

Then there is the sporting bore. He can only talk on one subject—namely, the sport or game in which he is interested—but he can talk interminably. He will tell you all about the diseases of his horses or his dogs, or he will expect you to listen with starting ears to how he was bowled for a duck at cricket, or how at golf he would have done a certain hole in one if he hadn't taken thirteen.

Rather similar is the "shoppy" bore, the man who will talk "shop," or, in other words, "gas" about his work. Because he follows such a profession, trade, or calling, he imagines that it is of interest to everbody; give him a chance, and he will bore you to madness with a mass of technical and, to you, inexplicable detail.

One of the most boring people on earth is the man with an infinite capacity for being bored. He is never happy unless he is doing something or saying something, and if you have the misfortune to be thrown into his company, you never get a moment's peace.

But of all bores, the would-be funny man is, perhaps the worst. There are several varieties of him. There is the man who knows an "awfully good story," but forgets the point when at last he comes within speaking distance of it. Then there is the man who fancies he has the gift of repartee, and keeps on telling you of the fearfully smart things he said, or would have said, if he had only thought of them at the time. There is, too, the amateur humorist who gives you imitations of Harry Lauder or George Robey, which would be extremely lifelike if they were not so unlike anything that ever existed—but enough said, the would-be funny bore is perhaps the most painful of his kind.

The genealogical bore: he is a sad nuisance, with his pedigrees and his third-cousin-sixty-seven-times-removed inflictions.

The "faddy" bore, he is easily recognisable. He has taken a short cut to originality by going against the common sense of mankind, and he preaches his preposterous doctrines in and out of season.

The "in-love" bore, perfectly convinced that there is only one girl in the world, and that, out of billions of women the world has known, there never was another like Her. But I rather like him. It is no use marrying a girl unless you think she is all *that*. And long may your rose-coloured convictions survive—though they are apt to wither and die with alarming suddenness after marriage.

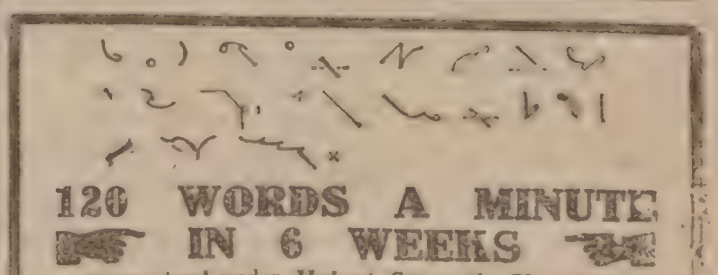
Men have no monopoly of bores, and of all feminine bores the chatterer is the most objectionable. It is not so much that she chatters as that she chatters at the wrong time. She will spoil the beauty of any lovely scene, of any great performance in theatre or on concert platform, by the silliest kind of chatter about things that don't matter and never did matter. She is obsessed by the conviction that to be entertaining or companionable she must talk.

Another very common type of feminine bore is the woman with the "servants" grievance. Kings may die, states go smash, wars be waged, but her whole existence centres around the dreadful delinquencies of her servants.

And then the Suffragettes. They seem in some danger of effectually damping the sacred fires of their cause by making bores of themselves. But, there, I am introducing politics and becoming a bore myself.

I suppose we are all more or less bores, for we are mostly interested in ourselves. But occasionally we can spare a little time for other people's interests; your true bore never can.

H. LAMBOURNE.



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THE ARMY AS IT IS

A FEW TIPS TO WOULD-BE RECRUITS BY A RESERVIST.

There comes a time in the life of the average worker when he is either tempted to join the Army, or regrets that in youth he had not done so.

Articles dealing with life in the Service are common, but they are for the most part humorous, or else deal exclusively with the hardships of the life.

I have here endeavoured to reflect, faithfully, the life of Tommy Atkins, in the hope that it may be the means of helping the would-be recruit to make up his mind, and perhaps be of assistance to him in his new chosen profession.

WHICH ARM WILL YOU JOIN?

This is a most important matter, and one which is well worth the deepest consideration. Of course, if you must have a "long-faced chum," that is, a horse, the cavalry will claim you for its own. By all means go where your heart is; but make quite sure your heart is there, for a mounted soldier's life is not all spurs and riding whips.

Again, don't go into a cavalry corps because you know all about riding. If you think you do, you will make the biggest mistake of your life, and the same applies with equal force to all branches of the Service. When you come, come as a little child, know nothing and be willing to learn.

Remember that, although you may be a smart chap in civil life, you are coming into a strange land, and know nothing of its ways. There never yet was a recruit who was credited with knowing anything, and there never will be. Ask any Army man you know, and he will bear out what I say. There are men paid to teach you, and they'll do it, too.

BEGIN AT THE BEGINNING.

Whether you be a ploughboy joining your county regiment, a skilled mechanic devoting your knowledge to the Royal Engineers, or a dashing man-about-town about to grace Whitehall with your magnificent presence as a member of the 1st Life Guards, remember, my friend, you are only a raw recruit, and very raw at that. You may come to teach some day, but for the present take my disinterested advice and don't start yet.

The majority of recruits will, of course, join the Foot Guards or Infantry of the Line. Here again a word to the unwary. Don't join a crack regiment simply because you're big enough, for however smart you may be, you will only be one of a crowd, whereas in a less pretentious although more easy-going corps your smartness will be a valuable asset, and greatly increase your chance of promotion.

It would not be possible here to go separately into the various branches of the Service, so that I must content myself with a few general remarks.

The first year in barracks can be summed up in one word of four letters—viz., work. During this period you have not only to shake off the old life and associations, but to take up the new; and if you are going to keep pace, you'll have to shuffle and look slippy about it. The year will pass before you can say the proverbial J. Robinson, Esq., and your future career will largely depend upon how you have spent it.

After this brief apprenticeship your life, as in any other calling, will be much as you make it. If you are anything like the article required for your branch of the Service you will probably be given a chance of promotion. Take it. Never mind the man who is content to wait, so that he may be more fitted for his new responsibilities. I have known a few months' seniority make a difference of twenty-five per cent. in a man's pension, and secure him a comfortable billet whilst serving into the bargain.

Discipline will be your ever present companion. You will wake in the morning, wash, shave, dress, work, eat, drink, and be merry, all according to regulations; and the arm of discipline will watch over your slumbers, for you will sleep in a regimental bed, covered with regimental blankets, and with your head on a regimental pillow. But all this is not so bad as it appears at first sight, for after a few weeks you will become so used to the daily routine as to do it almost mechanically.

LEVELLING UP.

In the matter of your companions you will do well to take for your motto the well-known phrase "When in Rome, do as Rome does."

Be pals with everyone. If you are above the average socially or intellectually, come down; if if you are below—well, you would not be a reader of THE MODERN MAN.

Do not have a "bosom companion." You may rise in the Service, and he may not, and it may lead to complications.

Do not, on the other hand, try to stand alone. You offer a good target, and some of those soldier fellows throw awfully straight, and hard, too.

And that reminds me. It does not pay for a ranker to be always in the limelight. Everyone notices if he makes a mistake, and when he does some trifling misdeed, and is "hauled up" for it, being well known his superiors imagine that they know his face, and, consequently, that he is always giving trouble.

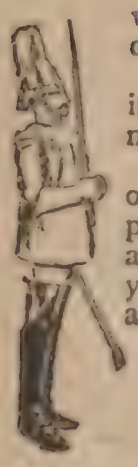
THE PROSPECTS.

Before parting I would remind you that the life is not without its advantages, and it has its drawbacks. It certainly offers every eligible young man of good character a fresh start in life, and as to pay, holidays, pensions, and so on—well, here's the straight tip.

An efficient soldier serving at home gets one month's holiday or more in every twelve, and always has a shilling in his pocket.

At the age of forty or thereabouts he can with ordinary luck command a pension of £1 or thirty shillings a week for the remainder of his life. This is equivalent to one thousand or one thousand five hundred pounds invested at 5 per cent. Can you save it in the time? If so, don't join the Army. You've got too good a job.

G. H. MILLER
(late Grenadier Guards).



A GOAL-KEEPING TIP.

In practice it is well for a man to know the work of every member of a team. He should be almost equally competent as a half-back, a forward, or a goal-keeper.

Get as much confidence in yourself as you can.

Particularly is this necessary in goal-keeping. When you are goal-keeping, you should get the other members of your club to bombard you with two or three balls at the same time.

The results will be disastrous so far as your success in saving goes, but you will find that to practise dealing with three balls gives you any amount of confidence when it comes to dealing with one only.

THE EXTRA REIN.

Anyone who has ever had the unpleasant experience of having a horse bolt with him, or take some interest in anything calculated to make such a catastrophe impossible.

Here is a very simple method of [guarding] against the vagaries of a horse which you have reason to suppose may bolt.

Get a long single rein, have one end buckled to the top of the bridle, pass the rein through the ring on the near side of the bit, and fix the other end on the crupper or to the dashboard. The rein is left quite slack.

If your horse bolts, or if you lose the reins, or if they break, you simply drag on this extra rein and pull him round to one side, thus stopping him quickly.

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Occupation, ...

Date, ...

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Please Write Plainly.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[In this column, the Editor, his staff, and contributors endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

G. L. E. (King's Newton).—You can get excellent practice with an ordinary youngster's air-gun, costing about half a crown. It teaches you to aim, even if it doesn't shoot particularly straight.

"TERRIER" (Ruthven).—Get your sister, or somebody else's, to iron your ties for you; that's the best way to get the creases out.

D. K. (Broadstairs).—The Emigrants' Information Bureau, Broadway, Westminster, will supply you with details as to prospects in the Colonies, but don't be in a hurry to go abroad—there's life in the Old Country yet.

A. S. (High Wycombe).—If you haven't time to clean your cycle regularly, and must ride it in all weathers, give the frame and plated parts an occasional coating of grease; this is the best way to prevent rust.

H. G. (Bristol).—You are wrong in supposing that boots with thick soles necessarily wear longer than those with thin soles. Everything depends on the quality of the leather. The reason why thick-soled boots are preferable for long walks is that they provide the feet with a better protection against the loose stones and inequalities of the road.

S. J. R. (Kingstown).—A plain horseshoe pin is as neat as anything a man can wear in his tie.

T. A. (Sevenoaks).—Your horse will get on all right if fed three times a day, but no harm will be done if you care to add a fourth feed.

D. E. (Plymouth).—It doesn't look well for a man to have a ring on his right hand as well as on his left. Stick to one, and have it good.

T. McD. (Aberdeen).—Why don't you join the Aberdeenshire Harriers? By what our readers tell us, they are some of the best.

"BANK" (Paddington). — Certainly you should have your cavalry cloak buttoned up when you wear it in the street.

M. B. (Moseley). — There is no quick way of breaking a dog of the bad habit of barking when anyone rings the door bell. Use patience, and check him every time he does it.

"QUEEN'S OWN" (Tunbridge Wells).—To wear your trousers always turned up at the bottom is now the fashion. Turn them back before you put them in your trousers press, so that the crease on the turn-up may be the same as the crease on the leg.

P. G. (King's Lynn).—You are lucky in having a pal who is as keen on taking up sport as you are. Why not go in for boxing?

R. D. W. (Stroud).—If you have any doubts as to your feelings towards the girl, drop her. If she's the right girl you won't have any doubts.

F. M. (Altofts).—For all information regarding conditions of employment as a prison warder, apply to the Prison Commission, Home Office.

H. R. (Coventry).—Before renting a market-garden, spend a year as a pupil with some successful market-gardener. Otherwise you will lose your money.

J. F. E.—Why didn't you send your address? We don't like anonymous messages, even when they are friendly, and we should have liked to write to you. Thanks, all the same, for your photo; best of luck to you and your two Territorial pals.

C. T. S. (Newcastle).—Working as you do in a draper's shop, it is essential for you to get all the fresh air you can. Take evening runs into the country on your cycle, or, if you don't possess one, go in for long walks.

FORCED INTERVIEWS

THE SUBTLE METHODS OF THE MODERN REPORTER.

In the frank admissions of which this article consists you will observe several instances where I have taken liberties that were, strictly speaking, unjustifiable, but before you blame me utterly I would ask you to consider the conditions under which I work.

I am chief reporter on a London morning paper, which has achieved its gigantic circulation by consistent pushfulness. I shall refer to it here as the "Daily Comet."

If a man happens to be in the public eye, the Editor deems it essential to print an interview with that man. The commission is given to one of the reporters, and, on the "Comet," at least, a reporter is allowed to fail only once. The second failure means dismissal.

Perhaps the celebrity will not grant an interview; that is not regarded as an excuse. You were told to get an interview, and you do not succeed, so a failure is pencilled against your name in the editorial notebook. Please remember that, before passing censure on my methods.

When Signor Caruso returned to this country after his unpleasant adventure in America, the public showed fresh interest in him, and the Editor of the "Comet" told me I must get an interview at all costs.

I rang up the Hotel Cecil on the telephone, and asked the singer's secretary whether I might have the pleasure of calling on his principal, but I was informed, as I expected, that Signor Caruso was granting no interviews at present.

HOW I OUTWITTED CARUSO.

I then set to work and wrote an imaginary life-story of the gentleman in question, consulting what data were at hand, and taking care to have my facts all wrong. With this delightful piece of fiction in my pocket, I called at the Cecil, sent up my private card, and was invited to come upstairs.

The door leading to Caruso's suite of rooms was opened by a young man, and a breeze of perfume and the sound of the singer's voice met my nose and ears. I was shown into his study, where he was practising for the evening's performance. Caruso himself was standing beside the piano, an accompanist was playing, and another man sat listening. This gentleman I rightly took to be his manager.

I was met with the old cry of "No interviews!" almost before I had opened my mouth, but I stated plainly that I did not want an interview, but merely desired to verify certain facts in an article which we proposed publishing.

AN UNSUSPECTED INTERVIEW.

I gathered by this time that Caruso scarcely understood English but knew French, so the rest of the conversation was carried on in that language. I read my garbled biography, and was, of course, met by contradictions at every statement.

As the singer corrected me at each point I made shorthand notes, and before I left I had the story of his career, his future plans, and his opinions on many subjects. The interview, which appeared next morning in the "Comet," was genuine in every respect.

I may say that it is useless to write a sham interview. That may go down in America, but here a public disclaimer from the celebrity inevitably follows, as also do ridicule of the paper and dismissal of the offending reporter.

My knowledge of French was useful in securing an interview with another eminent foreigner.

This time my victim was a member of the French Cabinet, and was known to be a tough nut to crack, as our Paris correspondent, an able man, had already failed with him. He was coming to England on a private visit to the Duc d'Orléans, and, as might be expected under these circumstances, was travelling strictly incognito.

Our Calais correspondent wired that he had sailed for Dover, but could not tell me the name of the boat. So I read up all I could get about the gentleman and went to Victoria Station to await his arrival.

It is always useless to ask the help of railway people if you let them know you are a Pressman, so I told a porter I was M. B——'s new secretary, tipped him, and asked him to find out for me the time by which he would arrive. In a few minutes he returned with the necessary information.

I must explain that my reading had informed me that M. B——'s hobby was sculpture, and a photograph which we had of him showed me that he was not unlike M. Rodin, the eminent French sculptor.

FRIEND RODIN.

When the boat train came in, I waited till my man left his carriage. Then I bustled up, shook him by the hand, and addressed him as my dear friend M. Rodin. (I had never met Rodin, but that did not matter.) Of course, M. B—— denied that he was Rodin, but I twitted him as a merry jester, and said that was just his love for a joke.

I could see he was flattered at being mistaken for the sculptor, though he was himself a more important person. He even declared his identity, but I said I had never heard of M. B——, and would not part with him till we had had a glass of wine for old times' sake.

At my assertion that I had never heard of B——, the famous statesman, he laughed outright, and, presuming that I was too ignorant of politics to be dangerous, he invited me to his hotel.

There over our wine I drew him out beautifully, getting his opinion indirectly on many political matters of the utmost importance.

An hour later I was back in the office, writing out an interview that was destined to create a sensation in Paris as well as in London, but the public never guessed how it had been obtained.

MYSELF AS AVIATOR.

Working on the subject of your victim's chief interest is always a safe line. The late Lord Kelvin resolutely refused interviews, but the "Comet" wanted one with him when Santos Dumont made his first successful air trip.

My initial step was to call on a maker of inventors' models and get from him a model of an unworkable flying machine, with a full description of what it *ought* to do. Then I caught the night train for Glasgow.

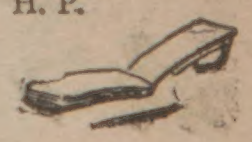
Next morning I presented myself at Lord Kelvin's house. I told the girl who answered the door that I was the inventor of an airship worked by electricity, and desired to have his lordship's opinion of it.

She came back with the good news that he would see me. A dear, kind, old man he was, and before we had been half an hour together he had carefully explained how my model would not work; and I had secured his opinion of M. Dumont's achievements, and of airships generally.

I suppose he was much surprised next morning, for I telegraphed to London at once, and the interview appeared in the next issue, but he could not deny it, for every statement was authentic.

I should say here that in such cases as these I never made shorthand notes, for that would give the show away. By practice, however, I have trained my memory till I can repeat a conversation practically verbatim.

H. P.



THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

CLOTHES BRUSHES.

To the well-groomed man the clothes brush is a most important item, and two or even three are by no means too many for him to keep handy.

A fibre brush—like those which are called "dandy brushes" when used for grooming a horse—is by far the best thing for removing mud, which, of course, should be allowed to dry on the garments.

A moderately hard bristle brush will be required for ordinary use, and it is a useful tip to damp the brush slightly before using it. This has the effect of catching those tiny hairs and specks of dust which cling so pertinaciously to the surface of cloth, and spoil the appearance of dark clothes.

It was my soldier servant who first put me up to this very simple expedient, and anyone who has ever tried brushing black "doeskin" overalls will realise its value.

The addition to your stock of a softer brush for use on the velvet collars of your overcoats, the silk facings of evening and other coats, and so on, is also most useful.

Always when brushing your clothes use your hand as a currycomb—that is to say, draw it over the brush from time to time so as to remove some of the hairs and dust.

This is, of course, the proper use of the currycomb, though the non-horsey man is always under the impression that the horse's coat is scraped with it.

It may be so in some stables, but in the Army such a proceeding is visited with dire penalties.

THE TICKET POCKET.

The migration of the handkerchief pocket into the interior of the coat was an excellent idea, and the wonder is that it did not occur to anyone sooner. It is even easier to get at, and that look of "lop-sidedness," which was due to the presence of the pocket on one side and not on the other, is removed.

But the other migration which followed it I cannot help deploring. I refer to that of the ticket pocket.

This is to me one of the most useful pockets. Curiously enough, I put it to the use for which it was intended and keep my railway tickets in it, but its usefulness by no means stops there.

It contains also my coppers, and I imagine that this is the use to which the majority of men put it.

Now, the old position of the ticket pocket—just above the right-hand side pocket on the outside of the jacket, where it was protected by a flap—was about as handy as could have been devised. It was just where you wanted it to be, so that you could insert your forefinger and thumb easily.

Now, unless you give express directions to the contrary, you find that your tailor has cut your ticket pocket inside the front of the left-hand flap of your coat.

It always seems to be at a different height from where you last found it; it involves much searching, and probably the unbuttoning of your coat, before you at last manage to get your first and second fingers in and fumble for a penny to give a newspaper boy, or a ticket to pacify an impatient ticket collector, while your fellow-passengers look on with looks of mingled wrath and amusement.

LACING UP BOOTS.

The ideal knot is a single bow in which one loop is passed a second time through the centre of the knot before it is drawn tight.

But there are various ways of putting the lace into the boot before you get to the tying of it.

I have no hesitation in saying that the regulation military method is the best.

The soldier is obliged to put in his bootlaces so that they pass straight across the front from one side of the boot to the other. They must never cross, except when they come to the hooks, which, however, the wise soldier never wears.

The "straight-laced" method may not look so well as the ordinary crossed pattern for town wear and so on, but it undoubtedly brings the two sides of the boot closer together.

Also the laces are preserved, since they come into contact with fewer edges which can wear them away.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE TIE.

A friend of mine once remarked to me that you can tell a man's whole character from his tie and the way he ties it.

I would not go quite as far as that, but there is no doubt that the tie is most important to the general appearance and gives a very reliable index to the character of the man behind it.

It is impossible to state exactly what guides one to a judgment, for it is really a matter of instinct more than anything else.

There is no mistaking the smart, well-groomed man about town, whose neat and faultlessly-tied tie shows that he possesses good taste and ample means, even if he does devote more attention than is absolutely necessary to his dress.

Again, there is the neatly-tied but somewhat creased knot of the well-dressed man who combines a care for his appearance with a regard for economy; the flashy bow of the bounder; the scarf and horseshoe tie-pin of the aggressively sporting man; the ring-bound tie of the man who prides himself on not being up to date; the made-up monstrosity of weird shape and weirder colours of the man who thinks he has got hold of *the* latest thing; the dirty black tie of the man who doesn't care, and only wears a tie at all because Society seems to demand it.

And so through a hundred and one finer shades the tie proclaims the man, from the red tie of the Socialist and the club or college colours of the sportsman or aristocrat to the knotted bandanna of the coster, so it is worth while taking care that your tie tells a tale that you need not be ashamed of.

HOW TO KEEP TIES.

The usual method of keeping one's ties is to toss them all anyhow into a drawer, so that you have to burrow in order to get the one you want in the morning, for it never by any chance seems to be on the top.

This plan has the further disadvantage that the ties get creased and crumpled and their appearance is soon spoilt.

It is far better to hang the ties up, so that they have an opportunity of losing the creases which they acquire during the day, instead of getting new ones.

Moreover, this method enables you to see every tie at a glance, and to spot the one you want and remove it without trouble.

You will need a small rod to hang the ties on, and that may be fitted inside your wardrobe or behind the curtain in a "hanging cupboard," or in various out-of-the-way corners.

Or you may use a hinged rod such as is often used for towels, and this may be fixed to the wall, so that the rod may be pulled out to remove or replace a tie, but is put flat against the wall when not in use.

This device has the advantage of taking up no room at all, and the ties are easily hidden from view and from the dust by the simple arrangement of a curtain, or the rod may be fitted so as to pull out from a narrow wall cupboard.

It is possible nowadays to get presses and stretchers for neckties, built on the lines of those intended for trousers, but this seems to be reducing the thing to an absurdity.

A far better expedient is an occasional field day with a hot iron, which will remove the creases from ties, and often make them look as good as new.

BOOT HEELS.

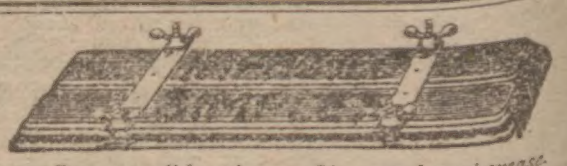
There is no part of one's boot which wears down more quickly or which it is more important to have repaired at once than the heel.

Many men will go on wearing their boots, however shabby the heel may look, until there is actually a hole in the sole.

This is a foolish practice. It gives an untidy appearance, causes a sloppy and ungainly walk, even when the defect is but slight, and it is liable to strain the ankle and lead to a permanent habit of "treading over."

The best way of avoiding the trouble is either to have iron tips put on or to use rubber heels or rubber tips. The former remedy is apt to be noisy and the latter slippery, but either is better than to be "down-at-heel."

The rubber heel-pad wears down, it is true, but if one of the circular pattern be used, it is easily turned so as to be worn evenly all round.



Removes all bagginess. Gives an elegant crease.

Price 5/9 Carriage Paid.

I SAVE YOU 50 per cent. Trouser Pressers and Stretchers, in handsome polished Oak. Full length. Take 4 pair. Guaranteed 5 years. 7 DAYS' APPROVAL. Money returned if not satisfied.

Send for Illustrated List, Free.

CLIPSON, Manufacturer, 53, Eccles Road, London, S.W.

IMPORTANT.

WHY not have your suit cut by the man who fitted H.M. the KING?

FACE to face we know we could convince you to order your Autumn Suit from us and be fitted by Mr. ELLIS, who was for ten years principal cutter to a Bond Street House, numbering Royalty amongst its clientele. But as we have no travellers we must depend upon our advertisement and our tailoring to increase our Business. We want your custom.

We Buy and Sell for cash, eliminating the cost of credit. We do not maintain any travellers, eliminating another cost. These two costs not existing in our business we can provide you with equal Quality Clothes as in Bond Street at practically Half their usual charges.

The MAJOR says:
That Messrs. Ellis cannot be beaten for Style, Fit, and Material.

LOUNGE SUIT in Indigo Blue New Brown New Green MATERIALS. 50/-

TRY US.

Patterns and Self-Measurement Form sent to any address. Distance no object.

J. & H. ELLIS, The Smart Set Tailors,

This is a sample of style and fit. We give it.

201, STRAND, W.C., And 20, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.

Every Londoner should make a point of calling.

Printed by THE VICTORIA HOUSE PRINTING CO., LTD., Tudor Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C., and published for the Proprietor by ODHAMS, LTD., 67, Long Acre, London. Annual Subscription 8s. 8d., to be sent to THE MODERN MAN Subscription Department, 67, Long Acre, W.C. *Sole Agents for the Colonies:* GORDON & GOTCH, London, etc. *South Africa:* The Central News Agency, Capetown, etc. Registered for Canadian Magazine post.

Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All Advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Brown suit, 36 chest, 4 nearly new shirts, 2 pairs cuffs, 3 vests, 2 white slips, 1 pair blue serge trousers, 6 pairs fancy socks, 14 silk ties, 15 collars, all in splendid condition; the lot to clear, 37s. 6d.; a bargain; too cheap for approval.—Box 1135, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Best London made tweed suit of clothes, for elderly gentleman, 5ft. 6in., £1, medium figure.—Box 1136, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Burberry shooting suit, new, fit medium figure; cost 4gs.; 35s.—Box 1137, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Wanted, portable punching ball with gloves, and one pair helmets for singlestick practice.—Particulars to Carson, Janitor, Maryhill, Glasgow.

To Leicester Readers.—Vacancies for six pupils. Physical development (Continental system), 5s. Boxing, 7s. 6d. Combined course, 8s. 6d. (course comprising six weeks).—Apply 107, Kirby Road, Leicester.

Richard Selby won success by strength! I guarantee you strength. Success will follow. Cheapest course, 25s. Apparatus free first 20.—Sandow Pupil, 61, Penge Road, London.

The Champion Rifle.—For target practice or sport; 30in. long; 22in. bore; shoots long or short cartridges; solid breech-block; automatic extractor; walnut stock, take down can be carried in jacket pocket. Not a toy, but a strong and serviceable firearm; legally proved. Post free, 10s. 9d.—Watts and Co., 9, Nun Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Ju-jitsu (illus. book, 3d.), boxing, exercises (curative, corrective), personal and postal tuition; lowest fees; outfits supplied.—Volunteer Instructor Smith, 81, High Road, Chiswick, W.

Sale.—Punching Ball, 10s., cost double; Meredith-Clease Height Increaser, 12s. Sell both best offer.—Box 1151, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted, a good pair of Roller Skates in exchange for new Terry's Wall Exerciser. Must be good make.—G. R. Owen, 28A, Castle Square, Carnarvon.

Physical Culture.—See Inch's advertisement, page 16.

RIDING AND DRIVING.

Wanted, pair second-hand hock pads, cheap.—Box 1138, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted, mackintosh driving apron, good condition.—Box 1139, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

SADDLERY.

Gentleman's first-class pigskin riding saddle and bridle, nickel fittings, only used twice, new 2 months ago. Accept £4 4s.—Box 1140, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

CYCLES.

Trailer, wheels plated, Dunlops, upholstered, easy. £3 15s.—31, Norfolk-road, Southampton.

Gentleman's Quadrant tricycle, will pass 28in. doorway, pneumatic tyres, front rim brake, &c., light, strong, easy running, good condition, bargain £5 10s.—Box 1141, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

DOGS.

Retriever, black, good retriever land or water, good nose and good watch dog; £2.—Box 1142, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Well-bred black cocker spaniel bitch, 8 months, over distemper, obedient and affectionate, good nose, should make good worker; moderate price.—Box 1143, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

POULTRY YARD.

Bargain. Tamlin's latest 60-egg incubator, almost new, self-feeding lamp, never used, giving up poultry; sacrifice £4 10s.—Box 1069, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

"DIGS."

Bed-sitting-room to let, furnished, S.W. district, close common, trams, and railway; terms moderate; board as required.—Box 1144, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Comfortable Home for two or three young business gents. Partial board. Full Sundays. From 17s. 6d. per week. Wandsworth Common.—Box 1131, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

Joiner, 24, Territorial, would like permanent work on estate; any county. References and certificates.—Box 1133, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

STAMPS.

£1 stamp, county of Glamorgan, issued 1838. What offers?—Box 1145, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Beautiful collection, over 2,000, old Oppen's album; £5 10s.—Box 1146, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

MUSIC.

Genuine De Meglio mandoline. Perfect specimen, £3 10s., or exchange fur coat.—R., 132, Riverdale Road, Plumstead, S.E.

Temlett's Zither Banjo and Case; quite new; cost 52s. 6d; take 25s.—Box 1134, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Banjoes, etc.—See Hewitt's advertisement, page 19.

EDUCATIONAL.

Harmsworth's Self-Educator. 8 vols. bound. Perfectly clean. What offers?—Box 1132, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Story, Article, Verse Composition. Postal tuition, prospectus, stamped envelope.—Address Prof. Harris-Bickford, The Bookeries, St. Day. (Name "The Modern Man."

MEDICAL.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O., 1s.—Box 685, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

"It Cures." Dr. Carter's Embrocation, 1s. 9d. bottle; post free, P.O. 1s. See stand Bay 5, Grocers' Exhibition, Agricultural Hall.—"Model Home" Specialities, Limited, Wellington Road, Battersea, S.W.

JEWELLERY.

Handsome Gent's Real Lever Simulation Gold Watch.—Keyless; guaranteed perfect timekeeper; 3s. 6d. post free.—Wellworth, Norwood Road, Herne Hill.

Gentleman's Gold Lever, 14ct.—Open face; also 9ct. chain, with genuine spade guinea attached, only £3 15s.—Box 1150, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Handsome Gent.'s Double Simulation Gold Albert.—1s. post free; with free gift of handsome seal to wear with same.—Wellworth, Norwood Road, Herne Hill, S.E.

MISCELLANEOUS.

End of Season Sale. Complete Shaving Set; best Sheffield hollow-ground razor, best quality swivel shaving strop, metal bowl, and shaving brush; bargain; 2s. 6d., post free; field glasses, 7s. 6d.—X. L. Stores, 5, Water Street, Rhyl, N.W.

3½in. by 2½in. Marion's Pocket Sinnox Camera, nearly new condition, takes daylight loading plates, anastigmat lens, speeded shutter, cost £6. Best offer or exchange.—T. W. Tame, 33, Silver Street, Newport Pagnell.

"Money-making Secrets" (400), 1s. 2d.; 500 veterinary recipes, 1s. 2d.; both books 1s. 7d., for advertisement.—Philip Hughes, Publisher, Weston-super-Mare.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Agents, Eureka! My stunning value Xmas Cards are automatic sellers. Agents say so. Glowing thanks from agents arriving. Write quick.—Philip Hughes, Publisher, Weston-super-Mare.

Brical Money Calculating Machine; unused; perfectly simple in use, invaluable for accountants; cost 63s.; sell 50s.; genuine bargain.—Mr. A. S. Kerr, 5, Caledonia Road, Saltcoats, Scotland.

Have you sent in your coupon? If not, see front page "The Modern Man," October 2 issue.

PAWNBROKER'S CLEARANCE SALE.

Full List of 1,500 Special Bargains, Post Free.

10S. 6D.—Gent's 18-carat Gold-cased Chronograph Stop Watch, jewelled movement, perfect timekeeper; ten years' warranty. Also Double Curb Albert, Seal attached, same quality. Three together, great sacrifice, 10s. 6d., worth £2 2s. Approval willingly before payment.

19S. 6D.—Gent's Fashionable Dark Brown Tweed Suit, splendid quality. Tailor-made, latest West-End cut and finish, never worn. Breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 32½in. Sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Worth 50s. Approval willingly.

10S. 6D.—Organ-tone Melodeon, magnificent 63s. instrument, registered model, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords. Rich, powerful tone, perfect order. Sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval willingly.

25S.—Very fine Old Violin, perfect condition, labelled Peter Guarnerius, Anno 1712. Rich, mellow tone. Bow and case. Suit professional or soloist. Sacrifice, 25s., worth £10. Approval.

10S. 6D.—Field, Race, or Marine Glass, Powerful £5 5s. Military Binocular, as used in the Army and Navy, 50 mile range; shows bullet mark 1,000 yards; 10 acromatic lenses; wide field, saddler-made sling case. Great sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval privately before payment.

29S. 6D.—(Worth £7 7s.) Double Breech-Loader Gun; 12-bore, top lever, proof tested barrels, left choke, rebounding locks, central fire; sacrifice 29s. 6d. Also another, hammerless, worth £10 10s.; sacrifice, 65s. Approval.

21S.—Gent's £5 5s. Solid Silver, Real English Hall-marked Lever Watch; exam. by the celebrated watchmaker, W. Russell, London; high grade jewelled movement; timed to a few seconds a month; ten years' warranty. Also Gent's Solid Silver English Hall-marked Massive Curb Albert, with Silver Compass attached. Together, great sacrifice, £1 1s. Approval before payment.

29S. 6D. Service A 1 quality Spoons and Forks.—Five dozen solid silver-plated, stamped E.P.N.S., A 1, 12 each Table, Dessert Spoons and Forks and Teas, 60 pieces. Sacrifice, 29s. 6d.; list price £10 18s.; half quantity, 15s. Approval willingly before payment.

10S. 6D. Sheffield Cutlery, £4 4s. Service, 12 Table, 12 Cheese Knives, Carvers and Steel. Crayford ivory handles. Unsoiled. Sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Sent for inspection privately before payment.

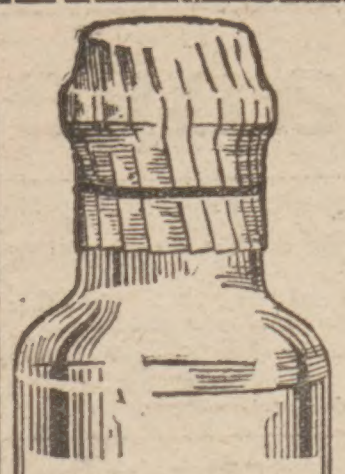
12S. 6D.—Real Russian Furs—latest style. Magnificent rich dark sable brown, 8ft. long Granville Stole, deep shaped collar, richly satin lined, beautifully trimmed 12 Russian tails and heads, and handsome large Granny Muff to match. Together, great sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Sent for inspection quite privately before payment.

9S. 6D.—Gent's Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 9s. 6d. Approval.

Money Lent on Jewellery, Watches, and Plate. Old Gold and Silver bought or taken in exchange.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers,

284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.



TRY

BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS

FOR ONE WEEK

FREE

It is an acknowledged fact that a lowered nervous system means a diminished amount of Phosphorus in the Brain. The Brain is the seat of nearly all the Phosphorus that the human body naturally possesses, and it is the presence of this wonderful element in the Brain that enables it to act—to think, to control, to direct our every action, to maintain our health, and to fight against and ward off disease.

Continued strain on the Brain and Nerves diminishes or uses up the Phosphorus at too great a rate, and when it is below Nature's level there quickly follows one or other of the many nervous troubles so prevalent.

It is self-evident what is required of us—we must give back to the brain and nerves the Phosphorus that we unconsciously squander.

PHOSPHORUS **PROPERLY** ADMINISTERED

CURES ALL NERVE COMPLAINTS

It has very remarkable powers, and is a speedy and safe cure for Neuralgia, Headache, Sleeplessness, Nervous Indigestion, Palpitation, Hysteria, Neuritis, Nausea, Loss of Memory, Faintness, St. Vitus' Dance, Trembling, Vertigo, or Giddiness, and those *vague and undefined nervous conditions* (all real and distressing to the patient) of Neurasthenia, viz.: Over-sensitiveness, lassitude, ill-temper, vague fears, despondency or depression, morbid forebodings, irritability, restlessness, melancholia, moroseness, general nervous debility, and mental exhaustion, with inability to concentrate the mind.

Each and every one of these distressing conditions can be made to yield to and disappear under the direct influence of Birley's Phosphorus.

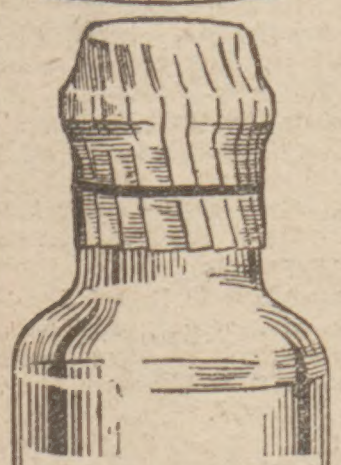
Oppressed by worry, anxiety, overwork, and heavy responsibilities, the nervous system deteriorates, and leaves the way open for all manner of complaints. Birley's Phosphorus should here be allowed to give its incomparable aid. It invigorates, sustains, strengthens, and fortifies the nervous system.

As a reviver during stress of extra business and overwork it is invaluable, for it quickens and enriches the brain and nerves that bear the strain. It promotes recovery after illness.

Phosphorus is not one of those things that can be administered to the human body in a haphazard manner. The only form known to medical science to which can be laid definite claims of certainty of action is that introduced by the late Dr. Samuel Birley, and styled Birley's "Plain" Syrup of Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus.

Distinct from Phosphorus as ordinarily understood and compounded by the chemist, this form is capable of being assimilated—that is, in consequence of its being held in perfect solution by a special process of manufacture, it is certain of entry into the blood-stream, to be carried thereby direct to the brain, the central station of the nervous system, and thus absorbed and established as part and parcel of the brain itself. By this means the brain and nervous system can be supplied with the one element they alone are in need of, and so maintained in a state of perfect and positive efficiency.

Birley's Phosphorus is obtainable of all Chemists, &c., I/I½, 2/6, 4/6.



SEND THIS COUPON (D.X. 29) TO-DAY

to Gordon, Murray, and Co., Ltd., 10, Adam Street, Strand, London, W.C., with Four Penny Stamps to cover Parcel Postage, Packing, and Dispatching, and the generous-size Trial Bottle of Birley's Phosphorus, as illustrated above (containing a week's supply), will be forwarded by return. Also pamphlet explaining how Phosphorus acts on the system. **ONE** Trial Bottle **Only** to each applicant. Trial Bottles cannot be sent abroad.